

ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1845.

SHAKESPEARE GALLERY OF BEAUTY.—NO. IV.

OLIVIA.

(See Plate.)



HIS character is taken from the play of "The Twelfth Night; or What You Will." It is doubtless, inferior to many of Shakespeare's delineations; but, like them all, it is true to nature. And herein consists its excellence, which

is made the more conspicuous by contrast with certain inconsistencies, which are apparent in some other characters introduced. This play has been the subject of contest amongst critics; and has been much censured, defended, and praised by them. We think with Dr. Johnson, that, though the play is scarcely worthy of Shakespeare, it yet possesses too many merits to have been written by any one else.

The "Twelfth Night" seems to have been derived from one of two Italian stories, or from both. Some circumstances of the plot are found in the "Ecatommithi" of Cinthio; in which a Neapolitan gentleman is banished from his country with his two children, a son and a daughter, having incurred the displeasure of the King of Naples. The children bore a remarkable resemblance to each other. The vessel in which they departed was shipwrecked, and the father was lost; but the children reached the shore in safety. Here they were taken by two different persons, residing near the coast, and brought up unknown to each other. After the lapse of several years, the girl becomes enamored of a young man, and, by the advice and assistance of a friendly old

woman, goes to serve him, dressed as a page. Her master mistakes her for her brother, who had once been in his service.

Dunlop, in his History of Fiction, gives an account of a story of Bandello, in which all the circumstances are more fully developed and more closely resemble those of the drama,—the account is, as follows:

An Italian merchant had two children, a boy and girl, so like in appearance that when dressed in a similar manner, they could hardly be distinguished by their parents. The boy was lost in the sack of Rome, by the Imperialists, being carried off by a German soldier. After this event, the father went with his daughter to reside at Aix, in Savoy. When the girl grows up, she has a lover, of whom she is deeply enamored, but who afterwards forsakes her. At this time, her father being absent on business, and her faithless lover having lately lost a favorite attendant, by the intervention of her nurse, she is received into his service in the disguise of a page. She soon obtains the confidence of her master, and is employed by him to propitiate the rival who had supplanted her in his affections. This lady falls in love with the disguised emissary. Meanwhile, the brother, having obtained his liberty by the death of his German master, comes in search of his father to Aix, where he is seen and courted by the female admirer of his sister, who, deceived by the resemblance, mistakes him for the object of her attachment. At length, by the arrival of the father, the whole mystery is cleared up.

The lover returns to the mistress he had forsaken, and who had suffered so much for his sake, while the brother more than supplies his sister's place with her fair admirer. The disguise of the young lady, which is the basis of this tale, and the plot of *Twelfth Night*, is not improbable in the former, as it was assumed with the view of recalling the affections of a lover; but Viola separated from her brother in a storm, and driven on an unknown coast, forms the wild project of engaging the affections of the duke, to whose person she was a stranger, and whose heart she understood was devoted to another. Influenced by no passion nor motive, she throws off the decorum of her sex, and serves the destined husband of Olivia in an useless and unworthy disguise. The love, too, of the duke's mistress for the disguised Viola, is more improbable from the circumstances of her situation, and temper, than the passion of the Catella of the novelist. In *Bandello*, the brother has an object in coming to Aix,

where his father and sister resided; but it is difficult to assign a motive for Sebastian's journey to Illyria.

It is also more likely, as in the novel, that a lover should return to the mistress he had forsaken, on receiving a striking instance of fidelity and tenderness, than that the duke should abandon a woman he passionately adored, and espouse a stranger, of whose sex he had hitherto been ignorant, and who had not even love to plead as an excuse for her transgression of the bounds of decorum. A lady, disguised in boy's clothes and serving her lover as a page, or otherwise, for the interest of her love, is one of the most common incidents in the Italian novels, and the early British dramas. Besides *Twelfth Night*, and the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, it is the foundation of Beaumont and Fletcher's "*Philaster*," Shirley's "*Grateful Servant*," "*School of Compliment*," "*Maid's Revenge*," and many other plays, now almost forgotten.

THE BUTTERFLY.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.



O forth little rover—go forth to the sun,
Thy day is soon passed and thy triumph soon won;
I would not take from thee thy innocent joy,
Thy moment of sunshine I would not destroy.

The summer enfolds thee—her grave is thy bed,
When her light hath departed thou 'lt rest with the dead;

Then go little rover, go free for awhile,
Thy home is the sunshine, thy life is a smile.

I saw thy bright wings on the treacherous wave,
As flutt'ring they shrank in the watery grave,
That hovered beneath them, all eager to prey
On the beautiful pinions, so sportive and gay.

Thou art free from the wave, thou art free to the sun,
Thou art free from captivity, beautiful one!
Unfurl thy bright wings to the summer awhile,
For thy home is its sunshine, thy life is a smile.

LOST THOUGHT.



IS gone! 't is gone for ever!
It will not come again,
It will return, O, never,
To brighten memory's chain.
I know not how 't was banished,
From recollection's store;
It like a meteor vanished,
'T is seen, 't is seen no more!

I thought it was the brightest
I ever dwelt upon;
O yes! it was the lightest,
Its wings are spread and gone!
Could I recall, it never
Should lose the light it wore!
But 't is gone, 't is gone for ever,
It will return no more!

M. C. D.

THE HEIRESS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIV.



CALLED in at the store, this morning, to get that advertisement prepared," Mr. Markland said, during the dinner hour, on the day after his unsuccessful effort to discover the residence of the young stranger in whom he had become suddenly, and, to himself, unaccountably interested. "But you were too much engaged, I suppose, to attend to it. Will you have time this afternoon?"

"I expect so," coldly replied Mr. Grant.

Nothing more was said. After dinner Mr. Grant said to his wife—

"What in the world has come over your brother? Can it be possible that he has a suspicion of the real truth. Can the girl he spoke of having seen last night, be the one who called upon you? And does he really dream that she is Anna's child?"

"Heaven only knows! You must n't put out the advertisement."

"I may not be able to help it. Your brother seems bent on having it done."

"And the moment it appears, the whole matter is at an end."

"Yes." And Mr. Grant arose, uneasily, and commenced pacing the floor.

"Sixty thousand dollars," he said aloud, yet speaking to himself. "It will ruin me."

"Ruin you!" ejaculated Mrs. Grant, in a voice of alarm.

"Yes, Mary. Ruin me!" returned Mr. Grant, passionately. "I have had that money in my business for years, and it cannot now be withdrawn."

Several minutes elapsed before any thing more was said; Mr. Grant continuing to walk the floor in an agitated manner. At length he paused before his wife, and said,—

"I wonder if it is possible to find this girl?"

"I don't know. Why?"

"We might get her out of the way, possibly."

"How?"

"I can't tell. But, it might be managed, I think. We might hire some one to offer her inducements to return to Cincinnati, or go to some

other place, where the advertisement might not meet her eye."

Mrs. Grant shook her head.

"That is a vain hope," she said. "The girl knows, or suspects the truth, and I fear we cannot get rid of her. What I most dread is, that she will find out Joseph. In that event, all is over."

"Yes, all will be over, then. He will insist upon an immediate payment of the legacy, which cannot be done."

"Let him pay it himself, then; he is able, and equally responsible with yourself. If it comes to that, he will not be so very eager for an immediate adjustment. In the mean time, the girl can be kept in ignorance of the real truth, long enough to arrange matters."

"Long or short, Mary," returned her husband, in a quick voice. "I never can nor will beggar my children for the sake of this girl, or any one else. I am not, if all my affairs were brought to an issue, worth sixty thousand dollars."

"Then Anna's child cannot and shall not have a dollar. She has been raised to help herself, and let her still continue to do so. To make her suddenly rich, would be as great an evil as to reduce our children to poverty."

There was an angry bitterness in Mrs. Grant's tone as she spoke.

"But, stave off this advertisement, day after day, if possible. You may yet succeed in delaying it long enough to make our position secure."

"Depend upon it, I will try. Your brother will have to be much more decided and peremptory than he now is, before I yield."

When Mr. Grant went to his store, he found Markland already there. He was at a desk, writing.

"Here is the form of an advertisement, Mason," he said, handing the merchant a paper as the latter came in. Mr. Grant took it and read—

HEIRS WANTED.—If Mrs. Anna Gray, daughter of the late Thomas Markland of Philadelphia, or any of her children, be living, this is to inform them, that under the will of said Thomas Markland, they are entitled to a legacy of sixty thousand dollars. By

the provisions of the will, the heirs must be forthcoming before the 1st of November, 18—, else the sum above named will revert to the residuary Legatee.

MASON GRANT.

— — — { *Executors of the late*
Thomas Markland.

"If you like the form, just add your name to the advertisement, and have it inserted in The ——— Gazette, and The ——— Advertiser to-morrow morning," said Mr. Markland, after he had read it to Grant.

The merchant took the paper, and conned it over, deliberately.

"Yes; I suppose this covers the whole ground. I will see that it is done."

"You won't neglect it, Mason?"

"Neglect it?" in a half-offended tone. "No, certainly not. Why should I neglect it?"

"Very well. We will see what comes of this," said the old man to himself, as he left the store of his brother-in-law, and, scarcely thinking why, walked up Second street, until he came to the neighborhood, where he had seen Anna in the morning. His eyes were all about him, but the form he so much desired to see, did not present itself. With a feeling of disappointment, he returned home, where he did not arrive until after dark. Tea had been served earlier than usual, and Mr. Grant had gone out. Mrs. Grant was in her own room. Ella waited on her uncle at the table; but was silent. There was a look and manner about her father and mother that had, insensibly, thrown a shade of pensiveness over her gay young heart. Mr. Markland's mind was too much occupied to notice this. After eating lightly, he arose, took a lamp, and retired to his own apartment.

"Strange that the thought of that girl should press itself so constantly upon me!" he said, seating himself by a table in a musing attitude. "Can it be possible that she is ———. No, I will not think so. It is mere romance. And yet, in real life, things have occurred far more improbable. There must be some cause for this suddenly awakened interest in a total stranger. Anna's child? No! Still even that may be. Oh, what would I not give to know the truth! Ah me! What a heavy burden of reproaches is mine. How could I have grown cold and indifferent towards one so worthy the name of woman as my twin-sister? Pride, pride—thou art a hard-hearted demon! My life for years seems to have been a false dream—a state of moral insensibility. But I am awake now—fully awake. And if justice can be done, it shall be done. To-morrow the notice that should have been given years ago will be made. If this young stranger be Anna's child—strange thought!—she

will at once come forward and prove her identity. She is innocent; of that I am sure. And innocence is the groundwork of all virtues and graces. But, in a city like this, with snares all around, who can tell how soon her unwary feet may be entangled? Heaven defend her!"

CHAPTER XV.

It was hardly sun rise, the next morning, when Mr. Markland descended from his room and went to the door for the newspapers. He first opened the "Advertiser," and ran his eye hurriedly over it. But no where could he find the notification for which he was in search. The "Gazette" was next examined, but with no better success.

"This is too bad!" exclaimed the old man, throwing down the papers, and beginning to walk the floor with a quick, nervous step. "Too bad! What can he mean by such outrageous conduct? Does he really intend to put me off, still, as he has done for years? Has, he, actually a design in all this? We shall see. That advertisement must and shall be made, and that, too, forthwith. All is not right, I begin to fear. Mason has had the use of this money so long, with the hope, probably, that it would, in the end, be possessed of right by his children, that he has come to look on it as already his own. But, if Anna or any of her children are above ground, this illusion must vanish from before him. We shall see! We shall see!"

Impatiently did Mr. Markland wait, until his brother-in-law came down.

"I do n't see that advertisement, Mason," he said, with a stern look and voice, pointing to the newspapers.

"No," blandly replied the merchant. "After you went out, I looked more carefully over the advertisement, and found that it was inaccurate in its statements."

"In what respect, Mason?"

"In one respect, at least. It says that Mrs. Anna Gray, or her children, are entitled, if living, to a legacy."

"Well?"

"This you know is a mistake. The will states that the property is for her children, if she should leave any. She has nothing to do with it."

"It does n't matter, at all. If Anna is living, and has children, they will doubtless share with her. If she is living, and without children,—I should think her entitled to at least, some benefit in her father's estate."

"The will is explicit, Joseph, as you well

know. If no children of Anna's are found, the testator's will was that the property should go to my children; and I have no right to rob them of a dollar. And of course, shall never consent to do so."

"No matter. If there was a slight error in the form, it need not have delayed the notification. It committed no one."

"Still, it is much better, to be correct in all these matters. I wish to be so."

"Well, well," was the old man's impatient reply, "draw up an advertisement yourself, and word it as carefully as you please. If it gives the main facts, I will sign it. But there must be no more delay. Remember that. To speak out the plain truth, Mason, I do n't like this dilly dallying, if I must so call it. This putting off making an advertisement on one pretence and another. It does n't look well. The thing has got to be done, and it might as well be done at once, without farther parlying about it. It can't be possible that you wish to keep this money, even if the true heirs are living."

"That is speaking rather plainly, Joseph." Mr. Grant's face crimsoned over.

"It is. But, much as I wish to think otherwise, appearances force me to this involuntary conclusion. Why did n't you mention this defect yesterday, when I handed you the advertisement?"

"I did n't notice it then."

"Why did n't you leave word for me to that effect last evening. I would have put it all right, and had it out this morning?"

"Humph! I did n't see that it was a matter of life and death."

"It may be a matter of more importance than that, Mason."

"I do n't know. It seems to me that you have got into a wonderful hurry all at once. If you had been so disposed, you could have had the advertisement inserted years ago. But I do n't know that you ever showed much concern about it."

"I left the thing in your hands too much. I have spoken hundreds of times about this legal notice, but, although you promised as many times to attend to it, the thing was never done. I begin, really, to think that it was a predetermined system with you. To say the least of it, when viewed in connexion with your present apparent shuffling, it looks very much like it."

"Joseph! You must n't speak to me after that fashion." The merchant was excited.

"Mason—you must n't make me a party to any of your underhand designs."

"I tell you, that I will not allow you or any one else to make such insinuations against me," retorted Mr. Grant.

"Put it out of my power to conceive such thoughts, by doing your duty at once as an executor of my father's estate. I am tried beyond my patience, and will not be trifled with any farther. I had set my heart upon seeing that advertisement this morning. I had reasons for wishing to have it appear just at this time. But it is put off on a frivolous pretence—I can call it by no better name. I shall be in to see you immediately after breakfast. Have the form ready, and we will both sign it, and, to prevent any more delays, I will make a copy myself, and take the advertisement to the printing offices."

"Very well. Come in as early as you please." Mr. Grant turned away and went up stairs.

"I believe your brother is beside himself this morning," he said to his wife.

"He did n't find the advertisement?"

"No, and he is outrageous about it. The fact is, the thing will have to be done; but I tremble for the result. That girl will surely see it. Don't you think he said that he had very particular reasons for wanting it to appear this morning. What can he mean? Is it possible that he suspects the girl he saw in the street to be Anna's child. It really seems so. The old Boy seems to possess him."

"Verily he does. It is no better than a wish to rob our children. I thought he had some affection for them. But it seems he has n't a particle. Who knows, but if this low born creature is found, he will leave her every cent of his money. Oh, I wish she had been dead before she came this way to ruin all our best hopes. Too bad! too bad!"

"Yes it is too bad." And the husband fairly stamped about the floor.

"Can nothing be done? Must the advertisement appear?"

"It cannot be prevented. If I put it off another day; he will publish it himself."

"Can't you word it so that it will not attract much notice?"

"I have thought of that. But your brother designs to have it tell, and will not be satisfied with any thing that is not clear and explicit. I fear that there is no hope for us. But, let the worst come to the worst. Possession is nine points of the law. I have the sixty thousand dollars, and let her get it if she can!"

Grant set his teeth firmly together, and smiled with a grim smile of defiance.

"Yes: let her get it if she can. Not one cent will I give up."

"Trust me for that."

CHAPTER XVI.

After the silently passed morning meal, Mason Grant left the house, and, with his eyes upon the ground, walked slowly and thoughtfully to his store.

"I will try it, at least. There is nothing like trying," he muttered to himself, raising his head with an air of confidence after he had passed one half the distance. "I have heard of such a thing before. If it can only be done, the thing is safe; though it is a ticklish experiment. But, every man has his price. Money is a strong argument."

Half an hour after he arrived at his store, Mr. Markland came in. His face wore a grave, resolute expression. The form of the advertisement was already prepared.

"Will that do?" asked Grant, after the old man had read it over."

"Yes. But are you certain there is not some hidden defect in it, which will not be discovered until it is too late?"

"Joseph, I will not permit you to talk so!"

"No matter. I'll take it in myself, and then I shall be sure that all is right."

"That is not at all necessary. I will see that it appears to-morrow morning."

"I am afraid to trust you, Mason Grant." The old man knit his brows sternly.

The angry feelings of the merchant came near boiling over. But he controlled himself with a strong effort and said, with a forced smile.

"You are unjust to me, Mr. Markland. I don't wish to delay this matter, as you allege. And now, I insist upon putting this advertisement in myself, to show you that you are in error."

Still Markland persisted.

"I then claim it as a right," said Grant. "It is the only means left me to show you that you have wronged me, and I must be permitted to use it."

After some minutes reflection, Markland at length consented, saying as he did so—

"Remember! If this advertisement does not appear to-morrow morning, I will, before the day is half over, have it posted on the houses and fences all over the city; and on the next day, have it in every newspaper that is published. As I said before. I have my own reasons for wishing it done immediately."

"Never fear. It shall be done. But is there any use in having it in more than one paper?"

"Certainly there is. It ought to appear in three or four papers. And especially in several western papers. But two will answer for the present. If no good result comes, then broader wings can be given to it."

Mr. Markland then went out.

"Two papers," mused Mason Grant. "I think one can be managed; but two? I'm afraid." And he shook his head.

Business requiring immediate attention occupied him for an hour. After he was free from this, he wrote a note, sealed it, and sent it out by one of his clerks. Half an hour after, a man, rather commonly dressed, came in and asked for him. He was directed back into Mr. Grant's counting room.

"Good morning, Layton. Take a chair," said the merchant, blandly.

The man sat down, with a look of expectancy on his face.

"Do you know the pressman at the ——— Office?" asked Mr. Grant.

"Very well," replied the man.

"Intimately?"

"Yes. I have known him for ten years."

"What kind of a man is he?"

"Clever. But a little free in his way of living."

"Drinks?"

"Yes. Occasionally."

"Has he a family?"

"Yes."

"Large?"

"A wife and three children."

"Hard work for him to make 'em comfortable I suppose?"

"They don't live in much splendor, ha! ha!"

"I suppose not. Very well. So far so good. Fifty dollars would be an object to that man!"

"I should think so; or to any journeyman mechanic with a wife and three children."

"Just so. To yourself for instance?"

"No doubt. Fifty dollars! I don't think I ever owned as much at one time, in my life."

"You can own that much to-morrow, and so can your friend into the bargain, if you can prevail upon him to do me a little service."

"What is it?"

"A mere trifle. Here is an advertisement. For certain reasons I do not wish it to appear, and yet it must be put in type. Can you not prevail upon your friend, after the regular edition of the paper is off, to take out some of the type and put this in its place, and print me a single copy?"

"Is that all? O yes. I'll guarantee that."

"And will you, when the regular carrier leaves the paper in the morning at my house, have it removed, and the copy containing the advertisement put in its place?"

"Certainly I will."

"Then, so soon as it is done, I will give you a check for one hundred dollars. The money you and your friend can divide."

"That's just the ticket! I'm your man."
 "But there must be no failure."
 "You need n't fear any."
 "So far so good. But there is the ——— newspaper. The same thing must be done there."
 The man looked grave.
 "What is the prospect?"
 "Rather slim. R——, the pressman in that office, is a hard customer to manage. He is one of your independent kind of fellows, who prides himself on his honor, and all that."
 "Humph! Has he a family?"
 "No. But he has four hundred dollars in the saving's bank."
 "Indeed! That's bad."
 "It's a fact. I do n't believe he could be brought over."
 "Not for a hundred dollars?"
 "No, nor for five hundred, if he once got his pluck up."
 "Every man has his price."
 "But it is n't always money, Mr. Grant."
 Both of the men remained silent for over a minute. Layton broke silence by saying—
 "I can tell you what I might try to do."
 "Speak out."
 "R—— has one fault."

"He will get on a Jerry now and then."
 "Ah!"
 "And then he speers it for three or four days. I might try to make him drunk. When this happens, a man in the office has to take his place, who would sell his soul for five dollars."
 "He shall have twenty, and you fifty more than already promised you if the thing is done."
 "For my soul?" And Layton looked Mr. Mason in the face with a mock serious air.
 "If you please to call it so," was the grave reply.
 "I'll see."
 "See to it quickly then. Not a moment is to be lost. If I had only thought of this before, there would have been no difficulty whatever."
 "None at all, with two or three days ahead of me. But trust me to do my best as it is."
 "You shall be liberally rewarded. I will say a hundred dollars if you will put this R—— out of the way."
 "A strong inducement. Depend upon it I will work hard. Good morning!"
 "Good morning! Let me hear from you as soon as all is in a fair way."
 "Aye! Aye! You shall be fully advised."
 And the two men parted.

To be continued.

WRITTEN IN DESPONDENCY.



ARTH hath no joy that sooths
 the heart—
 Her dearest is bewildering
 pain;
 Tumultuous passion brings a
 smart,
 Its object cannot heal again;
 Oh, every earthly hope is vain!
 How many a one this bleeding breast
 In fond idolatry hath borne!
 How many from their place of rest,
 Have been away in anguish torn,
 Leaving me sadly here to mourn.
 Thus musing on the ills of life,
 I long with stricken Job to rest,
 Far from the crowd's perpetual suife,
 Upon the earth's maternal breast,
 My head—my heart—with pain oppressed.
 The wicked cease from troubling there;
 The weary ones lie down in peace;
 Hush'd into sleep is sighing care;
 The prisoner finds a sweet release,
 For there th' oppressor's judgments cease.
 But, rising from this state, again
 I lift with confidence my eye;
 Quick flies like morning clouds my pain,
 I find my heavenly refuge nigh,—

Up towering towards the sultry sky,
 My sheltering Rock erects its head;
 Through all the scorched and weary land,
 Its cooling shadow round is spread;
 There, guided by an angel-hand,
 To gushing founts my feet are led.

And lo! a voice comes, small and still,
 The same that touched the Prophet's ear
 So sweet on Horeb's rocky hill,
 Whispering in peaceful accents near:
 "Why grieves thy soul? Why falls thy tear?
 Give me thy heart—I'll be its light—
 Its stay in trial's darkest hour;
 Its joy in pain, its shield in fight,
 In war I'll prove thy rocky tower;
 In peace be sheltering mercy's bower."

How sweet are bending Mercy's tones!
 They steal in rapture o'er the heart,
 Pure joy the trembling bosom owns,
 Nor feels affliction's piercing smart.
 Let Sorrow lift his iron dart,
 Or cold Neglect pass heedless by,
 Wrong tear each earthly hold away,
 Yet tears shall spring not to the eye—
 Where e'er our wandering footsteps stray,
 ONE journeys with us all the way.

T. S. A.

A DOMESTIC SKETCH.

BY FANNY GRAY.

HOW TO CORRECT A HUSBAND'S FAULTS.



OW just look at you, Mr. Jones! I declare! it gives me a chill to see you go to a drawer. What do you want? Tell me! and I will get it for you."

Mrs. Jones springs to the side of her husband, who has gone to the bureau for something, and pushes him away.

"There now! Just look at the burra's nest you have made! What do you want, Mr. Jones?"

The husband throws an angry look upon his wife; mutters something that she cannot understand, and then turns away and leaves the room.

"It is too bad!" scolds Mrs. Jones, to herself, commencing the work of restoring to order the drawer that her husband has thrown all topsyturvy. "I never saw such a man! He has no kind of order about him; and then, if I speak a word, he goes off into a huff. But I won't have my things for ever in confusion."

In the mean time, Mr. Jones, in a pet, leaves the house, and goes to his store without the clean pocket handkerchief for which he had been in search. Half of the afternoon passes before he gets over his ill humor, and then he does not feel happy. Mrs. Jones is by no means comfortable in mind. She is really sorry that she spoke so roughly, although she does not acknowledge, even to herself, that she has done wrong, for, every now and then, she utters, half aloud, some censure against the careless habits of her husband, habits that were really annoying and inexcusable. They had been married five years, and all that time Mrs. Jones had complained, but to no good purpose. Sometimes the husband would get angry, and, sometimes, he would laugh at his wife; but he made no effort to reform himself.

"Mr. Jones, why will you do so?" said Mrs. Jones, on the evening of the same day. "You are the most trying man alive."

"Pity you had n't a chance to try another," retorted Mr. Jones, sarcastically.

The offence given was a careless overturning of Mrs. Jones' work-basket, and the scattering of needles, cottons, scissors, wax, and a dozen little et ceteras about the floor.

The reply of Mr. Jones hurt his wife. It seemed unkind. He had brought home a new book, which he intended reading, but the face of Mrs. Jones looked so grave after the overturning of the work basket, that he felt no disposition to read to her, but contented himself with enjoying the book himself.

It must be said, that Mr. Jones was a very trying man indeed, as his wife had alleged. He could open closets and drawers as handily as any one, but the thought of shutting either, never entered his mind. The frequent reproofs of his wife, such as—

"Had you any doors in the house where you were raised?" or

"Please to shut that drawer, will you, Mr. Jones?" or

"You are the most disorderly man in existence," or

"You are enough to try the patience of a saint, Mr. Jones," produced no good effect. In fact, Mr. Jones seemed to grow worse and worse every day, instead of better. The natural habits of order and regularity which his wife possessed, were not respected in the least degree. He drew his boots in the parlor, and left them in the middle of the floor—put his hat upon the piano, instead of hanging it on the rack in the passage—tumbled her drawers whenever he went to them—left his shaving apparatus on the dressing table or bureau—splashed the water about and soiled the wall paper in washing, and spite of all that could be said to him, would neglect to take the soap out of the basin—spattered every thing around him with blacking when he brushed his boots,—and did a hundred other careless things, that gave his wife a world of trouble, annoyed her sorely, and kept her scolding at him nearly all the time. This scolding worried him a good deal, but it never for a single moment made him think seriously about reforming his bad habits.

One day he came in to dinner. It was a hot day. He went up into the chamber where his wife was sitting, and threw himself into a large rocking chair; took off his hat and tossed it over upon the bed right in the midst of half a dozen lace collars newly done up,—and kicked off his boots with such energy that one of them landed

upon the bureau, and the other in the clothes basket, soiling a white dress just from the ironing table. Poor Mrs. Jones was grievously tried. The husband expected a storm, but no storm broke. He looked at his wife, as she lifted his hat from the bed and put it upon the mantle piece, and took his boots and put them in a closet from which she brought out his slippers and placed them beside him, but did not understand the expression of her face, exactly, nor feel comfortable about it. Mrs. Jones did not seem angry but hurt. After she had handed him his slippers, she took the soiled dress from the clothes basket, over which she had spent nearly half an hour at the ironing table, and attempted to remove the dirt that the boot had left upon it. But she tried in vain. The pure white muslin was hopelessly soiled, and would have to go into the washing tub before it would be again fit to wear.

"If you knew, Henry," she said, in a voice that touched her husband's feelings, as she laid aside the dress, "how much trouble you give me, sometimes, I am sure you would be more particular."

"Do I really give you much trouble, Jane?" Mr. Jones asked, as if a new idea had broken in upon his mind. "I am sure I am sorry for it."

"Indeed you do. If you would only be more thoughtful, you would save me a great deal. I

shall have to wash out this dress myself, now, for the washerwoman is gone, and I can't trust Sally with it. I spent nearly half an hour in ironing it to-day, hot as it is."

"I am very sorry indeed, Jane. It was a careless trick in me, I must confess; and if you will forgive me, I will promise not to offend again."

All this was new. Both Mr. and Mrs. Jones felt surprised at themselves and each other. He had offended, and she did not get angry; she had been annoyed, and he was really sorry for what he had done. Light broke into both their minds, and both made an instant resolution to be more careful in future of their words and actions towards each other; and they were more careful. When Mr. Jones offended, as he still too often did, his wife checked the instant impulse she felt to upbraid him. He perceived this, and, appreciating her self-denial, compelled himself, in consequence, to be more orderly in his habits. A few years wrought so great a change in Mr. Jones, that, to use hyperbole, he hardly knew himself. He could shut a closet door as well as open it,—could get a handkerchief, or any thing else from a drawer, without turning it upside down,—could hang his hat upon the rack, and put his boots away when he took them off. In fact, could be as orderly as any one, and without feeling that it involved any great self-denial to do so.

POETIC GEMS.—[SELECTED.]

THE STARS.

THE hills

Must moulder, and the mighty pyramids
Shall crumble to their base, and float as dust
Upon the desert winds—and yet on high
The dwellers of our altered globe will view
Those bright star-sentinels still standing there,
Unconscious of decay.

Prentice.

HUMAN LOVE.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom—if there is a word
That I could trace as with a pen of fire,

Upon the unsummed temper of a child;
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel's visits, and repels
The ministry of ills, 't is human love.

Willis.

TIME.

TIME, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out at his career.

Young.

CIVILIZATION.

BY E. FERRETT.



CIVILIZATION! what glowing harangues! what eloquence! what intellect! have been expended in lauding it. In striving to advance it, what energy has been exhibited. In seeking to secure its advantages, what patient endurance has been displayed, and yet it exists but in name. True civilization has hardly begun to dawn upon us. We are yet in a state of semi-barbarism; our passions are violent as whirlwinds, devastating every thing over which they pass; our selfishness is as cold and calculating as ever it was: our avarice as mean, sordid, and overwhelming; and our ambition as miserable, as destitute of every ennobling attribute. What is Civilization? It is considered to be an increasing population, increasing means, increasing exports, increasing imports, and increasing wants, increase of refinement, increase of luxuries and that which surely follows, increase of selfishness, increase of wealth to the few, at the expense of misery and labor to the many? We lay down railroads and rush over the ground with incredible rapidity. We extend our cities, increase our trade, and then say we advance in Civilization. How few of man's higher faculties are necessary for what is commonly called Civilization. Barter and commerce, supplying the animal wants—require only the exercise of a few of our intellectual faculties. Mere perception accompanied by acquisitiveness, and animal cunning, is sufficient to make a most successful speculator. In all our labors for existence; how few of our higher intellectual and moral faculties are exercised. We live in a maze of selfishness. Our highest achievement to make money—our greatest grief, the losing it. Surely, Civilization must be something different. Surely man is capable of something greater and more noble than worshipping dollars and cents. Surely the cultivation and daily exercise of all our higher attributes cannot be incompatible with an ordinary state of existence! As society is at present constituted, there certainly is little inducement, although great scope, for exercising our highest attributes. Were a man to act in a truly benevolent manner—to do to others as he would be done unto, he would stand a fair chance of being devoured by the sharks of society, who are ever on the alert to avail themselves of what they, in their selfishness, term the follies of mankind. He would be the victim of every class, high and low, weak

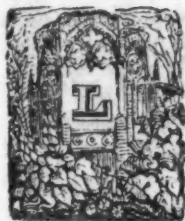
and powerful, alike would attack him—impose upon his good nature—despoil his means—trespass on his kindness—and after taking from him all he possessed, would unhesitatingly and unblushingly leave him to starve.

Oh! glorious Civilization. Murders are as numerous now as ever they were. We have crimes of every description perpetrated in every quarter. All the horrors that disgust our better feelings are of daily occurrence. 'Tis true, that the governments of different countries are opposed to these, and strive in legislating and in enforcing their law, to crush vice; but, even in the Governments, war is tolerated—the most miserable relic of barbarism is encouraged—the doctrine that killing one man, makes a murderer, a dozen a hero, still governs our actions and enslaves our reason, and never, while such belief is recognised, can a country or the world be truly civilized. True civilization must consist in constant exercise of the higher faculties of man. In a state which can truly be called “civilized,” the moral and intellectual portion of our nature must be enthroned and reigning supreme—the physical part in abeyance; then man will delight in doing good—his pleasures will be of the most enlightened kind—mean and selfish acts will be unheard of—war will be forgotten—murder, and all the diabolical crimes that at present disgrace our social communities, will be among the relics of the past, and pure and elevated benevolence, the standard whereby to test every thing, be the great guiding principle of our Governments.

When crimes of horrible die have ceased to be even remembered—when extortioners, and narrow minded bigots shall no longer be even tolerated in society, when pure benevolence shall be the actuating principle of the great human family—when all projects shall be approved or condemned according as they advance to, or retrograde from, purity and virtue—when the strife of faction and party shall have discontinued, and all men shall struggle in fellowship for the advancement of the universal good, then, and not till then, we may call ourselves in a high state of civilization.

A country's civilization is not exhibited simply by the extent of its commerce—great wealth always has its attendant opposite of great poverty—but, by the number of its charities, by the purity of its institutions—by the justness of its laws—and above all, by brotherly love and benevolent feeling displayed on the part of its citizens one to another.

LUCK.



LUCK is a most unphilosophical word, but although its literal meaning is not believed by the more intellectual part of the world, it is still with slight variation in common use. The well informed never, for a moment, think that there is "luck" in any event; yet they do not scruple to speak of "lucky" and "unlucky" people. For our part, we confess, honestly, that there is much in the world for which we cannot account; among other things "luck" is, to us, thoroughly incomprehensible. In our younger days, we eschewed the use and meaning of the word, with all the zeal and indignation of youthful knowledge, and youthful pomposity. We held that there was no such thing as what was called luck. We believed that success was within the reach of every man who strove for it; that certain effects must follow certain causes; and, as we marched along with our minds elevated to the highest pinnacle of ambition, we, in our ignorance, felt perfect conviction of our wisdom.

Alas for human frailty, and human arrogance! As we plod on through life, we gradually get rubbed down; the sharp angles are worn off; our first impressions receive shock after shock, until they either give way entirely, or remain in such a modified form, as to be scarcely recognizable.

There appear to be some people in the world who are invariably fortunate; with whom every thing thrives; for whom every venture turns out well; who obtain good wives, affectionate children, kind friends, good health, and unvarying success in life; and who, yet, are by no means remarkable for sound judgment, or acute perceptions, on the contrary, they have been notorious from childhood for obtuseness of intellect. Why do they have so much good?—they are deficient in judgment—yet are their mercantile speculations successful; they are destitute of energy—still, their business succeeds. As a converse to this, there are many men of sound judgments, energetic minds, persevering industry, and unwearying application, who never do succeed—whose speculations always fail—who cannot in any way compass their desires, albeit they strive with tenfold the energy, and apparently tenfold the ability of others. What can this be called? The loser does not fail, because he is deficient in the attributes essential to success, nor does the

other succeed through possessing an abundance of such attributes. But, by some unaccountable, inscrutable means; by the result of circumstances that neither party by any foresight could possibly control, one becomes rich and the other poor,—one is called "lucky" and the other "unlucky." Why is all this? What does it mean? No person can deny the truth of these two positions, and therefore no person ought to deny the existence of luck, or of some operation of events which is known by that name. Neither should it be considered unphilosophical or illiterate to use the term, because that which is true cannot be unphilosophical. When we look at the mighty mass of things likely to effect our success and happiness in every career—things over which we have no shadow of control—we must feel that however energetic, however able, our efforts may be, success in any undertaking depends upon something more than our own exertions. We may name it as we please,—call a horse whatever we like, it still remains a horse,—and, call the wonderful coincidences whereby some men succeed and others fail, any thing that we please, they exist nevertheless.

Plans laid with profound wisdom, are deranged and rendered nugatory by some unforeseen event, so improbable of occurrence, that previously thereto, a man suggesting it would have been laughed at. Thousands of such occurrences daily tend to create riches for one class, and poverty for another,—things that are thoroughly beyond the human ken, and that, consequently, no human foresight could provide against.

If this last fact be acknowledged—and how can it be denied?—it is perfectly clear that the affairs of life depend upon that which is commonly called "luck"—another name more properly belongs to it—but altering the name does not change the principle.

[The fact stated by our correspondent, is undoubtedly true. With some men, and they not always the best of men, every thing succeeds—whatever they touch, to use a common expression, "turns to gold;" while with another class, equally industrious, equally energetic, nothing turns out well. Two men send out an adventure in the same ship, with equal prospects for a good return—one of them makes a large profit, and the other sustains a loss. Two men build each a house; both insure, and both houses are burnt. One gets the insurance without trouble; while some defect in the policy, or some informality, prevents the other from recovering a cent. But much stronger

cases than these could be set forth to show that there is a power that rules man's destiny—

"A divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them as we will."

Our correspondent calls this power "luck," or, rather, says it "is commonly called luck," but that "another name more properly belongs to it." That name is "Providence." And the reason why some men do not succeed so well in their worldly affairs as do some other men, is because the creator and sustainer of the universe regards eternal ends, and never permits any one whose moral state would be rendered worse by riches, to acquire them. The constant anxieties and disappointments which some

men have to undergo, are necessary for them, and are therefore permitted by Him who desires for his creatures all blessings, both natural and spiritual, but who ever withholds natural blessings when to give them would occasion a spiritual injury. This, at least, is our philosophy, and we have found in it, during many severe struggles with the world, when all was dark around, a sustaining power. It has been an anchor by which we have ridden out safely more than one storm that has threatened to shatter our poor bark. With Watts we ever try to feel, and say when storms are above,

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

ED.]

FANEUIL HALL.

(See Plate.)

FANEUIL HALL, of which we give a finely executed view in this number, is three stories high, 100 feet by 80, and was the gift of Peter Faneuil, Esq. to the town of Boston, in 1742. The building was enlarged in 1806 to its present size. Before the new market was built, the lower part of it was used as for meat stalls; it is now improved for stores. The Hall is 76 feet square 28 high, and has deep galleries on three sides. It is adorned with superb paintings of patriots, warriors and statesmen. A speech was pronounced in the hall on the 14th of March, 1763, by James Otis, Jr. Esq. He dedicated it to the cause of freedom, a cause in which he labored and suffered, and it has since received the appellation of *The Cradle of Liberty*.

To every reader of American History, Faneuil Hall and the events connected with it are so familiar, that we need not repeat them here. The following spirited little poem, which we find in an old number of one of our periodicals, and which we think we recognise as from the pen of Mrs. Hale, is quite appropriate.

The gorgeous rays of sunset fall
Brightly upon that time-stained wall,
But on its front no forms I trace
Breathing of sculpture's classic grace,
Nor upon lofty columns rest
These fading glories of the west,
Nor falls that tinge of burnished gold
On massive towers of Gothic mould—
Then say what stream from mem'ry's tide
Calls to thy cheek that flush of pride
Why as thou look'st upon that spire
Flashes thine eye with youthful fire,
What feelings swell within thy breast,
Oh dweller of the mighty west?

Stranger, though many a nobler pile
Is gilded by the sun's last smile
And memories of the mighty dead
A hallowed glory round it shed—
Yet this, as Freedom's holiest shrine,
Glows with a beauty more divine
Than ever graced Power's lordliest dome,
Or temple of imperial Rome.
Look backward—let Time's shadows pass,
Scarce seventy years, o'er memory's glass,
What eager hopes, what anxious doubts,
What words of fire, what joyful shouts
Then echoed through this silent hall,
Where now alone our footsteps fall.
Our freedom's cradle—is it not
In freeman's eyes, a hallowed spot?

When throbbed their hearts to fling away
The foreign despot's iron sway,
'Twas here that met the chosen band,
Pledged to the cause in heart and hand;
'Twas here they wooed the martyr's crown,
Nor thought, ere many years had flown,
To wave instead o'er million's free
The laurel wreath of victory—
Nor through the future's mist, I ween,
Unto that patriot few was seen
That when their standard first unfurled,
It promised freedom for a world!

Oh coldly oft the eye doth turn
From marble hall and sculptured urn,
But freedom's pilgrim lingers near
This holy spot, and musing here
Upon the past, with many a thrill
Of joy and triumph, prayeth still
That Time's destroying hand may fall
Gently upon "Old Faneuil Hall."

THE PRETTY LITTLE MILLINER.

A COMEDY.

Translated from the German of Kotzebue.

BY DR. ROBERT ARTHUR.

CHARACTERS:

Mrs. Silver.—A rich widow.
William Silver.—Her only son.
Pauline.—A young orphan milliner.

Stolperfuchs.—A rich old bachelor merchant.
Berghof.—His step-brother.
A servant.

(*The scene is a small, poorly furnished room, in the fourth story of the dwelling occupied by Pauline. A middle door opens upon the stairs, and a side door into an adjoining chamber. A window, outside of which a bell is placed, looks upon the street. Head dresses, bandboxes, &c. are scattered about the room.*)

(*Pauline, alone, at work on a lace veil.*)



AULINE. Poor Pauline ! poor orphan ! My parents have left me nothing with which to oppose the power of a thousand allurements, but the example of their virtue.

Employment and a cheerful disposition have afforded me contentment even in this little garret ; but, since my heart has cheated me of my cheerfulness—(*A knock is heard at the door.*) Who knocks ? Come in !

(*Enter Mrs. Silver, who is known to Pauline under the name of Christiana, neatly dressed as a housekeeper.*)

Mrs. Silver. Do I not trouble you ?

Pauline. Never, never ! how often must I repeat it ?

Mrs. Silver. Always busy.

Pauline. Look, dear neighbor ! the veil is almost finished.

Mrs. Silver. Then you have certainly been at work again late at night.

Pauline. Until toward morning, I confess—but I must pay my rent to-day and I have need of money.

Mrs. Silver. (*Observing her, attentively, whilst she speaks.*) I do not think the landlord will dun you.

Pauline. (*Laughing.*) O certainly not—he is my very submissive servant—I have turned his head upside down. But let us talk of something else ;—I have a little project in my head.

Mrs. Silver. What is it ?

Pauline. I may be somewhat tedious, but you must permit me to begin at the beginning. After the death of my parents I found a second mother in Madame Berghof, formerly a rich lady whose millinery I was employed to make. She has often sat here, in my little garret, for hours together, encouraging me to labor, strengthening me in good purposes, and assisting me to add to my store of knowledge. (*With emotion.*) I shall never forget how much I am indebted to her.

Mrs. Silver. And what has become of her ?

Pauline. Misfortune pursued her honest husband. Last year he became a bankrupt—his wife died in penury—his poor children have no other refuge than—oh ! in her have I lost a second mother ! But—dear neighbor—although I have known you only during the two months you have occupied the room near me, I already bear much affection toward you, and feel no hesitation in opening my heart to you. Your disposition, your uprightness, your delicacy of feeling—yes, it is in your power to repair my loss.

Mrs. Silver. Good child ! at your age there is so much frankness, so great a readiness to trust in others.

Pauline. No, no, it is not so with me ; I have, like Socrates, a warning demon. But to return to my project—have you not told me that your dead husband left you but little ?

Mrs. Silver. Certainly, I find it necessary to economize closely.

Pauline. (Earnestly.) Suppose we were to unite our little households? We might both save by making common our receipts and expenditures.

Mrs. Silver. (With an air of surprise.) Certainly.

Pauline. (With increasing earnestness.) This little apartment and the adjoining chamber, there, will afford sufficient room for us both; so that half the expense of rent will be at once saved. I could assist you to bear your afflictions, and you could protect me from the evilly-disposed—I could lighten the burden of your old age, and you could direct my youth;—in this manner would our lives be reciprocally sweetened.

Mrs. Silver. Yes, yes, good Pauline, I accede to your proposition.

Pauline. Excellent! and I will call you mother.

Mrs. Silver. (Hastily and significantly.) Mother! yes, do so.

Pauline. But you must treat me as familiarly as if I were your daughter.

Mrs. Silver. That will I.

Pauline. We shall have, henceforth, but one purse.

Mrs. Silver. I will attend to the household affairs and what we save—

Pauline. With that will we assist the unfortunate! Oh! it is so sweet.

Mrs. Silver. But have you no fears that I may often be wearisome to you?

Pauline. Never, never.

Mrs. Silver. You receive visits from certain people—*(Pauline casts down her eyes)* to whom my presence will not be agreeable. Our old landlord, for instance; he comes every day!

Pauline. (Smiling.) Yes, he does.

Mrs. Silver. (Observing her closely.) And not he alone; a certain young man, also—

Pauline. (With half ludicrous displeasure.) Whom I love frightfully, I cannot deny.

Mrs. Silver. I saw him at a distance, only, but he appears to me—

Pauline. Ah yes, distracting! you saw his eyes! and the soul in his eyes! I owe him much—perhaps my life. Hear, mother, how good he is. As I was carrying some of my work home, last winter I fell on the ice and hurt my head so badly that I was stunned. A crowd of the rabble gathered about me where I was lying, unable to get up; but no one offered assistance, until he forced his way through, took me in his arms, and carried me, gently, home. On reaching my room I fainted, and when I recovered my senses I found a physician at my bed-side. He had brought him and was as earnestly employed about me as a loving brother.

Mrs. Silver. (Very much moved.) Go on my child! You do n't know how much your story interests me.

Pauline. For eighteen days I was in danger; during this time he inquired, with anxiety, daily and hourly after my condition. He begged every one for comfort. At last I recovered my health, but—my peace was lost! He became aware of it—how indeed could it be concealed?—He told me he loved me—I said the same to him—now mother, you know all.

Mrs. Silver. And what is the name of this young man?

Pauline. William Silver; he is from Dresden, and is the only son of a rich widow.

Mrs. Silver. Has he made you a proposal of marriage.

Pauline. Certainly, very often—but I did not dare to accept. His mother, who is said to be a very fine lady, has other prospects for him. This son is her only hope, and she loves him above every thing.

Mrs. Silver. And he?

Pauline. Oh he almost worships her! He calls her his best friend; he never speaks of her without tears in his eyes. *(Mrs. Silver strives to conceal her emotion.)* He loves her more dearly than any one on earth,—me excepted, of course—and could I do any thing which would afflict such a mother? Never! I have, therefore, determined to make known to her every thing, myself; for if no one comes to my assistance I shall find it impossible to tear myself from William. I am only a simple maiden; it gives me great pleasure to hear a handsome, noble hearted young man, say: I love you! Ah! good neighbor, do you not see how much I need your assistance?

Mrs. Silver. You would, yourself, discover all to the mother?

Pauline. Certainly. My letter is already written. *(She draws it forth from her bosom.)* Here it is. Ten times I have commenced, and ten times have I effaced what I had written; it is accomplished no better, however, after all. Before I send the letter, will you do me the favor to read it; in the mean time I will take home the veil. *(She puts the veil in a bandbox.)* When I return, you will give me your opinion—will you not?—your frank opinion?

Mrs. Silver. Certainly, my child.

Pauline. Good-bye; *(She embraces Mrs. Silver.)* you will love me, I hope.

Mrs. Silver. I love you, already.

Pauline. (Going.) Adieu, mother.

Mrs. Silver. Good-bye, my daughter.

Exit Pauline.

Mrs. Silver. An excellent, pure creature! Yes, I feel that I shall soon be her mother

indeed! This letter—she does not suspect that it is already in the right hands; that I am William's mother, and that I have assumed this disguise in order to know her; to prove her, that his happiness may be secured. But let me see what she has written—*(She reads.)* "Your son loves me and I love him inexpressibly,"—very naïve—"He wishes to marry me, but I am poor and of humble extraction; such an event would afflict you and so it must not be." Sweet soul!—"Yes, I will have the courage to refuse the hand of my beloved William; but, without your help, I cannot break off from him. Come quickly! tear your son, not out of my heart—that no one can do—but out of my trembling arms, which, full of confidence, I stretch toward you." No, good child, I will not take him from you. To-day—yet it is not good to be over hasty—thus far, my son has not seen me—he believes that I am still quietly remaining at Dresden and writes me letter upon letter. *(She sits down and takes out her knitting.)* I find it very difficult, sometimes, when I hear his voice, to prevent myself from rushing in and pressing him to my heart.

(Enter Stolperfuchs.)

Stolperfuchs. *(As he comes creeping quietly into the room.)* She is alone.

Mrs. Silver. Ah! the enamored old bachelor.

Stolperfuchs. *(Drawing near to her, simpering.)* My dearest little Pauline—*(He recognizes Mrs. Silver.)*—The devil! is it she?

Mrs. Silver. Yes, Mr. Stolperfuchs, Pauline has gone out; but if you wish her to make any thing, you can leave the order with me.

Stolperfuchs. *(Aside.)* Ah! the old witch.

Mrs. Silver. Why, you look like a card player waiting for a trump.

Stolperfuchs. Ever facetious, Mrs. Christiana. *(Aside.)* The deuce take her!

Mrs. Silver. Ever gallant, Mr. Stolperfuchs!

Stolperfuchs. What is to be done? When a man finds he is growing old, is rich, and has neither chick nor child, it is time he should think of enjoying life. For myself, there is *quasi* no greater enjoyment in the world than to render assistance to dear poverty.

Mrs. Silver. Especially when dear poverty is young and pretty?

Stolperfuchs. Ha! ha! ha! That is certainly no obstacle. I see, very well, that Mrs. Christiana is an experienced—*(Aside.)* *cara mama.* *(Aloud.)* I must confess to you, indeed, that Pauline, little Pauline, has *quasi* turned my head, and I must have her, cost what it will.

Mrs. Silver. That will not be such an easy matter.

Stolperfuchs. O—o—o—o! I have money, Mrs. Silver, do you understand—much money.

Mrs. Silver. Pauline is poor, but she possesses the pride of virtue.

Stolperfuchs. Pride, bah!—ha! ha! ha! I know her better. She loves money—right dearly does she love it.

Mrs. Silver. What proof have you of that?

Stolperfuchs. Has she not lately accepted some from me?

Mrs. Silver. Pauline?

Stolperfuchs. Yes, yes,—Pauline!

Mrs. Silver. Pauline?—accepted money from you?

Stolperfuchs. Not for the first time either. She has received, from time to time, right handsome sums from me. It is true, notwithstanding, she always plays the cruel—laughs very mockingly in my face—oh! she is *quasi* a little fiend! But if *you* would only consent Mrs. Christiana, yes if *you* would—

Mrs. Silver. What?

Stolperfuchs. Oh pshaw—you understand me, well enough. Pauline has confidence in you, I know. If you would only say to her—that, for my age I am quite good-looking,—that I am a jolly fellow; rich, generous and *quasi* a man of honor—would make a very good husband—that she would eventually inherit all I—

Mrs. Silver. Strong grounds, certainly.

Stolperfuchs. Are they not? Well, I will place my cause in your hands, Mrs. Christiana, and you will have no reason to be sorry for the part you take in it. You must impress upon her imagination a great idea of my handsome person—

Mrs. Silver. Very good, very good!

Stolperfuchs. Do n't say any thing to her about the money—it might make her angry.

Mrs. Silver. Certainly not.

Stolperfuchs. The little witch is so charming that I could *quasi* make a fool of myself about her. Good bye, Mrs. Christiana, make your cause good, and you will find that there is generosity—magnanimity! *(Exit.)*

Mrs. Silver. I cannot recover from my astonishment! What! Could Pauline have assumed her innocent manner? Is it possible that she can have received money from this old sensualist? But why should she have labored throughout the night, in order to earn money enough to pay her rent? Why has she desired that we should live together? I must solve this riddle.

(Enter Pauline.)

Pauline. Here am I, back again already.

Mrs. Silver. *(Endeavoring to recover her self-possession.)* Did the veil answer?

Pauline. Fully; and I was paid cash for it. Here is my little treasure. *(She shows a purse,*

containing money.) A good commencement for our housekeeping.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) I can hardly control myself.

Pauline. (*Very tenderly.*) Well, dear mother, have you read my letter?

Mrs. Silver. Yes, with true pleasure.

Pauline. Do you think I may venture to send it—will it not make William's mother angry?

Mrs. Silver. She will certainly feel—what I have felt.

Pauline. Yes, if she resembles you. You are so good, so indulgent—(*She grasps her hand, which Mrs. Silver gives, somewhat reluctantly.*) But what is the matter?

Mrs. Silver. With me? nothing.

Pauline. You are no longer so friendly,—so—what shall I say? so frank! Have I displeased you? That is possible, for I am, sometimes, so silly; but, good Christiana, it is never from my heart.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) If this tone, these features could deceive—

Pauline. There is certainly something wrong. Do not, I implore you, conceal any thing from me.

Mrs. Silver. I must confess that, during your absence—

Pauline. Well?

Mrs. Silver. I have thought more seriously about your proposition—Pauline, I thought, is hardly as old as I am—how long will it be before I shall become unable to labor; then will I be a useless burden—

Pauline. (*With affectionate feeling.*) Oh God, no! Suppose old age were to render you incapable of labor, and suppose I were so happy as to be enabled to support you by my industry; even then my indebtedness to you would not be removed. The guide of my youth, the protector of my innocence, will for ever remain my benefactress.

Mrs. Silver. Well be it so—but I have thought of a plan which, with your consent, will raise us both, for ever, above the possibility of want.

Pauline. (*Hastily.*) Ah! what is it?

Mrs. Silver. Stolperfuchs loves you.

Pauline. (*Laughing.*) Oh yes, he loves me to distraction.

Mrs. Silver. You might become his wife.

Pauline. What!

Mrs. Silver. Why not? he is very rich, stupid and foolish enough—

Pauline. (*Looking fixedly at Mrs. Silver.*) You certainly are not speaking seriously.

Mrs. Silver. I do not see why—

Pauline. (*With dignity.*) If I could suspect you to be capable of seriously entertaining such a thought, all were over between us. But no! you have only wished to try me—but such a trial is deeply painful. If you harbor such a suspicion against me, why do you not at once declare it? Friendship does not move in this clandestine manner. I am a poor orphan, but I will never, with God's assistance, give up the feeling of conscious integrity in my heart. (*She bursts into tears.*) Oh you have, indeed, caused me deep pain.

Mrs. Silver. (*Much agitated and drawn towards her.*) Forgive me! Yes, I doubted, that in your condition—at your age—such inducements—forgive me, good child. (*Forgetting herself.*) Reflect that the peace of my life, the happiness of a mother—(*recollecting herself.*) You have given me that name.

Pauline. (*Throwing her arms about her neck.*) Yes, now do I hear my mother again.

Mrs. Silver. You have conquered—every suspicion is removed. But explain to me what the miserable Stolperfuchs—

(*The bell outside of the window is heard to ring.*)

Pauline. This ring is familiar to me.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) It is impossible that vice could assume this appearance.

Pauline. (*Looking out.*) Is any one below? Yes indeed, it is William.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) My son—I must find a pretext to leave the room—

Pauline. (*At the window.*) Is the door locked? Go through the gate, then. (*She closes the window.*)

Mrs. Silver. I will leave you alone with him, whilst I pack up my little stock of household articles. I will move over this day in order to atone for my injustice to you. (*Goes out.*)

Pauline. (*Calling after her.*) As soon as William goes away I will come and assist you. (*She listens at the door.*) Yes, that is his step, or rather his spring, for he comes up two or three steps at a time. (*She draws back into the middle of the room.*) Shall I speak of the letter to his mother? No, wherefore should I trouble him before the time; it is possible, indeed, that—Ah! there he is!

(*Enter William.*)

William. (*Hastening up to her.*) My Pauline, (*attempts to kiss her.*)

Pauline. (*Holding him gently away.*) Whence, so early, mad cap?

William. This is post day; I expect certain letters from Dresden, and I am going, myself, to the post office—

Pauline. (*With a glance at the letter in her*

bosom.) From Dresden, say you? From your mother, probably?

William. She will soon be *your* mother, also.

Pauline. Ah that is very improbable, indeed! Such a rich lady—

William. Who only desires the happiness of her son.

Pauline. And a poor orphan!

William. You ungrateful little creature! Has not mother nature been lavish enough to you? Oh! when my mother sees you; when she only once sees you.

Pauline. Yes, with *your* eyes.

William. Then will I say; Is she not beautiful? Yet her soul, mother, her soul is far more beautiful?

Pauline. You will make me blush.

William. Well then, you will blush and become ten times more pretty; my mother will look upon you, kindly, with moistened eyes; will seize my hand, place yours in it, and call you, daughter.

Pauline. Oh my friend, my dear William! you dream so beautifully—

William. It is no dream! No dream! I build my hopes upon a mother's love.

(Enter a Servant.)

Servant. A note for the young lady.

Pauline. *(Takes the note, steps forward and reads it half aloud.)* "Come not to me, my good Pauline; it would be vain. My creditors are inexorable. I cannot procure the hundred dollars and must save myself by flight. Farewell! Pity me!—BERGHOF!" Oh the poor children!

William. *(Observing her, uneasily.)* She appears agitated—perplexed.

Pauline. *(After a moment's reflection.)* Yes, it is the only means. *(She goes, hurriedly, to the table, writes a few words upon a scrap of paper and gives it to the servant.)* Take this note, immediately, to the gentleman who sent you.

Servant. Yes, Miss.

Pauline. Say to him that he must be careful to avoid observation. He will understand.

Servant. Yes, Miss. *(Exit.)*

William. *(Who has watched this proceeding with uneasiness—aside.)* I know not what to think of this.

Pauline. *(Without embarrassment.)* Dear William, all this is a riddle to you; I will solve it in good time. But you appear so much agitated.

William. I? Oh no, not at all.

Pauline. You stammer? You do not look at me? William, could you harbor suspicion against Pauline?

William. Suspicion? Heaven preserve me from that!

Pauline. My secret is of much importance

to me; but if it disturbs you—You shall know all.

William. No! no! I will know nothing. That would be humiliating to us both. Forgive me that, for a single moment—I am deeply ashamed of myself. The mail must have arrived, by this time; I will fly to the post office, bring the letter from my mother, and we will read it together. Good-bye. *(He goes toward the door.)*

Pauline. You'll soon return.

William. *(Returns and shakes her hand warmly.)* Love and confidence should never be separated! Adieu. *(Exit.)*

Pauline. Noble youth! how were it possible not to love thee! Heavens! what noise is that upon the stairs? *(She listens.)* Ha! ha! ha! The reckless William has thrown Mr. Stolperfuchs over the bannisters. How *he* complains, how *he* mocks. Now all is quiet again. He comes; spirit of my benefactress, hover over me!

Stolperfuchs. *(At the door scolding and arranging his disordered clothes and wig.)* Coxcomb! senseless caperer! A quasi gentleman deserves respect when he is met—*(Coming forward.)* Ah! ha! I find my dear, beautiful little Pauline at home, this time.

Pauline. Is it you, Mr. Stolperfuchs?

Stolperfuchs. I myself, my charming child. The young blockhead, who just came from here, compelled me in a shameless manner to sit down upon the steps.

Pauline. *(Sympathizingly.)* You have suffered no injury?

Stolperfuchs. A few bruises on some of my limbs, nothing more. *(Seizes her hand.)* Ah! the dear delicate little fingers! If a man only had such for breakfast every morning. *(He kisses her hand.)*

Pauline. *(Drawing it back.)* As you are here, I will pay you the rent which is due.

Stolperfuchs. Pay? yes, yes!

Pauline. Certainly, this is my rent day. *(She counts out the sum.)* Here is the money; give me a receipt, if you please.

Stolperfuchs. *(Sits down to write.)* Receipt? Oh yes, willingly. *(Simperingly.)* But the money—I will not take that?

Pauline. Certainly, you must take it; I pay my debts, punctually; they must never be confounded with your presents—of the value of which I am fully sensible.

Stolperfuchs. If that is true, my angel, why are you ever so shy; you little satan!

Pauline. Bless me! what are you thinking of? A heart is not to be won in a day. *(A little coquettishly.)* You have great claims upon my gratitude—and it is in your power to add to them.

Stolperfuchs. How my treasure? how?

Pauline. I am just at this time in a difficulty.

Stolperfuchs. What is it? what is it?

Pauline. I have a debt to pay.

Stolperfuchs. A debt?

Pauline. A sacred debt! but I want.

Stolperfuchs. Well—out with it.

Pauline. A considerable sum.

Stolperfuchs. Yes, yes! but what have you done with all the money which I have already quasi given you? You dress always in the most simple manner.

Pauline. No matter. If I do not in a quarter of an hour procure a hundred dollars—

Stolperfuchs. A hundred dollars!

(*Mrs. Silver comes to the door where she stands, listening attentively.*)

Pauline. (*Coaxingly.*) It is certainly a great deal of money.

Stolperfuchs. (*Simperingly.*) Little witch!

Pauline. But you are such a charming old gentleman.

Stolperfuchs. Not so old, either.

Pauline. So quasi benevolent.

Stolperfuchs. Who could withstand the Circe? (*He draws forth his purse*)

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) Heaven! what must I see and hear!

Pauline. Oh! you do not know how happy you make me.

Stolperfuchs. I will hope for reciproce. You must make up your mind, speedily. I have not the sum you desire with me, at present; here, however, are six louis d'or.

Pauline. (*Aside, as she places the gold on the table.*) Against my will the blood mounts to my face. What I am doing is not altogether right—but can I do otherwise.

Stolperfuchs. (*Aside.*) Long life to old Mrs. Christiana—She has used her influence, in my favor, to some purpose.

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) The hypocrite is unmasked.

Stolperfuchs. I will go, immediately, and bring the balance. But, fair little Pauline; dare I not hope by this time, that such a ready acquiescence—

Pauline. Will be appreciated by me? Certainly. And you shall be recompensed for it, to-day, Mr. Stolperfuchs.

(*Mrs. Silver makes gestures expressive of horror and withdraws.*)

Stolperfuchs. (*In an ecstasy.*) At last! at last! you charming creature! You quasi little mouse! You will not be sorry for it. When you become my wife you shall live like a princess, like a queen! Happy Stolperfuchs! She is thine!

Adieu, my sugar plum; I shall be back again, directly. (*Exit*)

Pauline. Oh! this is too much—too much!—if I did not know how to ennoble his money—Yet, what keeps Berghof? He ought to have been here before this time. Heavens! if he should have fallen into the hands of the officers and my humiliation should be vain. Hist! I hear some one coming. It is he.

(*Enter Berghof.*)

Berghof. Here I am, as you desired.

Pauline. Stolperfuchs has not, however, seen you?

Berghof. No! I kept out of his way. But what hope—

Pauline. Your money is ready.

Berghof. What? Could my brother—after the many presents which you have already brought me from him—

Pauline. He saves you—and soon, I hope, will be reconciled to you.

Berghof. Can it be possible! Oh my good angel!

Pauline. To bring back happiness to the husband of my benefactress, is my most ardent wish. But some one is coming. Step quickly into the chamber, here, and do not come out till I call you.

(*Mrs. Silver appears at the door.*)

Berghof. (*Kissing Pauline's hand.*) Dear, noble Pauline! (*Passes hastily into the chamber.*)

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside, whilst Pauline is busied with Berghof.*) Let us see how far the shameless creature will push her baseness.

Pauline. Ah! dear neighbor, have you finished packing up your things?

Mrs. Silver. Yes,—I hope, to-day—but did I not hear some one speaking with you.

Pauline. Mr. Stolperfuchs has been here. According to his praiseworthy custom, he has been making his court to me.

Mrs. Silver. Take care, Pauline! The good name of a maiden more frequently suffers from indiscretion than vice. (*Significantly.*) A beautiful form, sometimes covers a black soul—but, early or late, truth avenges itself.

Pauline. (*Somewhat embarrassed.*) You fix your eyes so steadily upon me? Your tone is so significant. Do you wish, again, to try me?

Mrs. Silver. (*Almost scornfully.*) Try you? Oh no! that is no longer necessary. Such an effort would be thrown away.

Pauline. I see now, indeed, that you are not what you were an hour ago. The visits of our landlord are displeasing to you? Well, let them be discontinued. Oh! if you were never, never to ask of me a greater sacrifice—(*She hangs on her neck with childish affection.*)

Mrs. Silver. (*Aside.*) I can hardly contain myself.

Pauline. If, for instance, I should not permit William to see me any more.

Mrs. Silver. (*Deeply agitated.*) William!

Pauline. In spite of the sweet hopes, with which you flatter me, I shall ever fear that his mother will not grant her consent.

Mrs. Silver. (*Unable longer to restrain herself.*) Never! never!

Pauline. (*In an alarmed tone.*) Heavens! you say that with a severity—

Mrs. Silver. Forgive me—I would spare you from disgrace.

Pauline. (*Proudly.*) Disgrace? who can disgrace me, except myself? William's mother may rob me of her son—She may break my heart—but disgrace me, she cannot.

Mrs. Silver. I advise you, however, to break off your connection with the young man; and the sooner you do it the better.

Pauline. Oh yes, this day, if it must be.

(*Enter William, upon whom she looks sorrowfully.*) Ah! William!

(*Mrs. Silver steps quickly aside to avoid being observed by William.*)

William. (*Hastening joyfully, towards Pauline, with a letter in his hand.*) Victory, dear Pauline! a letter from my mother—She is coming hither! She consents!—

Pauline. (*Intoxicated with joy.*) Is it possible!

William. Listen. (*He reads.*) "I set out this morning—After a searching inquiry, I begin to believe that Pauline is as virtuous as she is charming. If I find it is really so, I shall have come to bless your union."

Pauline. Oh God! (*She hastens to Mrs. Silver.*) Now, my friend, rejoice with me.

William. (*Perceives his mother.*) What do I see!

Mrs. Silver. William!

William. (*Rushes into her arms.*) My mother!

Pauline. (*Motionless with astonishment.*) His mother!

Mrs. Silver. At last, I hold you again in my arms.

Pauline. Who would have thought it! for two months—Such an indigent life—

Mrs. Silver. (*With much severity.*) You are surprised at that? Know, Miss, that to a mother, no sacrifice is too great which promises to secure the happiness of her son. Yes, under this disguise have I desired—

William. To prove my Pauline; to convince yourself, that she is worthy the name of your daughter. Well, mother, you know the dear mai-

den; have I said too much? (*He takes Pauline's hand.*) Oh come! come! receive her blessing.

Mrs. Silver. (*Repulsing Pauline, coldly.*) Hold!

William. Heaven! what do you mean?

Mrs. Silver. Pauline is unworthy of you, my son.

William. Unworthy?

Pauline. (*Suppressing her tears.*) Have I not always said to you that I, a poor orphan—

Mrs. Silver. You do not misapprehend me. Like yourself, my son, I was infatuated with her charms. Heaven knows that my heart had, already, named her my daughter. But a single moment dissipated the illusion. She can never become yours:

William. Never? and wherefore?

Mrs. Silver. Follow me and you shall know all.

William. I? leave Pauline thus?

Mrs. Silver. (*Grasps his hand.*) Follow me.

Pauline. (*Throws herself between them.*) No. I will not permit you to go hence! You must not leave the room till I know the grounds of this cruel humiliation. (*Proudly.*) Not to you, madam, do I turn myself; maternal anxiety renders you insensible to the misery of a stranger—(*much agitated*)—but to my good neighbor—Christiana! to whom I have, so often, laid open my inmost heart! (*Hastily and despairingly.*) Madam, you are free to tear away your son—to rob me of the dearest treasure in the world—but be just! Leave me at least his respect and my own honor! I have nothing else in the world; but I will defend these with my life! (*She seems ready to fall; William supports her.*)

William. Mother! if this is not the language of innocence—

Mrs. Silver. Very well—I see I am compelled to declare all.

(*Enter Stolperfuchs, out of breath.*)

Stolperfuchs. Here I am! here I am!

Mrs. Silver. You come just at the right time to assist me to unmask this hypocrite.

Stolperfuchs. Ha! what does this quasi mean?

Mrs. Silver. Has not this girl received money from you? here—a few moments since?

Stolperfuchs. (*Looks at each, alternately, without knowing what to say.*) Hem! what? money?

Pauline. (*Collectedly.*) Yes, money. It is, certainly, true.

William. It is true?

Mrs. Silver. Were you not to bring more under the promise that you would receive some return for it to-day?

Stolperfuchs. Hem! what?

Pauline. That, also, is true.

Mrs. Silver. And have I not, Miss, surprised a man here who was showing you the most delicate attentions; who, in short, is now concealed in your chamber!

William. Oh! heaven! must I believe it?

Pauline. (Very sadly.) And you too, William? Love and confidence should never be separated! (She opens her chamber door.) Come forth, Mr. Berghof, for whom I have suffered so much, and testify to my innocence.

(Enter Berghof, from the chamber.)

Berghof. Who dares question your innocence?

Stolperfuchs. Great heaven!—my brother!

William. His brother?

Mrs. Silver. How is that?

Berghof. Yes, I am this man's step-brother.

Pauline. The husband of my dead benefactress.

Berghof. Through unexpected misfortunes, I lost my property. My brother suffered some loss in consequence of my failure, which estranged him from me—

Pauline. He was, vainly, implored to assist his honest brother; but heart and purse remained fast closed, whilst he heaped presents upon me. My benefactress was dead—her poor children were in want—my feelings of propriety, certainly, revolted against the idea of receiving the presents of this man—but in the hope of one day reconciling the brothers to each other, when I would stand justified, I had the courage, with a pure heart, to take for one brother what the other by his importunities forced upon me.

William. (Joyfully.) Yes, it is so!

Mrs. Silver. If it were true?

Berghof. (To *Stolperfuchs.*) Yes, she always brought the presents in your name, and I only regarded them as signs of your returning affection.

Stolperfuchs. Ei! Ei! So? So? That is certainly very Christian-like—very exemplary—(aside.) Then have I, indeed, a sour apple to bite. (Aloud.) Well, brother, you shall not be deceived by her, I quasi, open my arms to you. (The brothers embrace.)

Pauline. Thus have I kept my word; this was the promised recompense for your present.

Mrs. Silver. I have much for which to make amends to you—daughter!

Pauline. (Falls into her arms.) Appearances were against me.

William. Mother, I am proud of my choice.

Stolperfuchs. His mother?

Pauline. (Smiling.) Certainly. The rich widow Silver, of Dresden.

Mrs. Silver. Whom, also, you have promised to reward, for her services.

Stolperfuchs. Phew! the deuce! and I have addressed her in such a beautiful manner.

Pauline. My good Mr. Stolperfuchs, you do not know any thing of women. They are too often, indeed, condemned upon simple appearances.

Stolperfuchs. And must I really be quasi ashamed of my conduct after all. But I have money; I will not be ashamed, and without any ceremony will put a good face on a bad matter.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

“HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.”



WHEN the sunshine of gladness
Has pass'd from the soul,
And the dark clouds of sadness
Unceasingly roll—
When the dim future only
A wide waste appears,
Where some thought winging
lonely
Far shadows the years;
The Star of Hope streaming
Through tempest and night,
Is kindly left beaming
Our pathway to light—
Inspiring and cheering
The lone and oppress'd,
To the weary appearing
A haven of rest.

Whose calm light reposes,
'Mid sadness and gloom,
On the lilies and roses,
That bend o'er the tomb—
Like a seraph, sweet-smiling
'Midst blight and decay,
Through the cold world beguiling
Our wearisome way—
In ills all-sustaining
To mortals below,
And shining and reigning
Wherever we go,
Forsaking us never,
Companion and friend—
Then “hope on, hope ever,”
And trust to the end.

St. Louis, Mo.

J. S. F.

MAMMOTH CAVE.



THE scenery of Edmonson Co. Kentucky, in which Mammoth Cave is situated, is unusually wild and picturesque. The surface is much broken, being, in fact, a succession of high hills, but a little distance apart, between which are deep and narrow valleys. The bottoms of these valleys, or ravines, are composed of a spongy, yielding soil, and are full of pits, or "sink-holes," some of them of great extent, and filled with a treacherous mire, the consistency of which is little greater than that of water. The soil upon the hills is generally composed of a rich vegetable mould of considerable depth, which has gradually formed upon a substratum of rock, clay, or gravel. This wide territory was formerly nearly destitute of vegetation—hence it has been called the "Barrens;" but it is now covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, long grass, vines, and wild flowers of endless variety. This change has been effected by nature, during the last thirty-five years. The prospect has thus been rendered more pleasing to the eye, to which is presented a view seldom surpassed in wild and solitary beauty.

Mammoth Cave is situated in one of the deep and narrow ravines above mentioned, which, gradually growing wider, extends to Green River (so called from the dark ocean-color of its waters) a large and beautiful stream, flowing within half a mile of the mouth of the cavern. This cave is literally "a world within a world," so numerous are its objects of beauty and grandeur. To describe it completely would be impossible, for the best description would be but a cold epitome of its wonders. Nor will our limits allow more than a brief notice of a few of its more striking curiosities, which, we trust, will not be unacceptable to our readers.

The entrance to the cave is thirty feet high and forty feet broad, the archway being composed of a thick stratum of lime-stone. The descent is made by means of stone steps, which lead to the floor of the "Main Cave," which is divided into two parts, separated from each other by streams of water of which we shall speak in the proper place. The cave upon this side of the river is remarkable for the gloomy grandeur and sublimity of its scenery. It abounds in spacious rooms, precipices overhanging apparently bottomless gulfs, lofty galleries, and magnificent domes, reaching upwards hundreds of feet, which,

when brightly lighted, dazzle the eye with the brilliancy reflected from their chrystal walls. The feelings of the beholder are those of awe, and he is overwhelmed with a sense of the immensity of the place. That portion of the cave which is situated beyond the rivers, is less grand, but more beautiful in scenery, and is characterized by the peculiar delicacy as well as the variety of the formations of gypsum, which hang from the ceiling. The general formation of the cave, however, is limestone.

The feelings of the visiter on entering the cave, for the first time, are those of awe, not unmingled with dread. If it be in the summer, he feels the cool air issuing from its mouth, as if it were the breath of some huge monster, and hears the distant sound of the hidden waterfall; fain would he penetrate with sight, before entering, the darkness within, which has never yet been banished by the light of day.

After entering the broad mouth and passing the "Narrows," the "Rotunda" is the first object of note which presents itself. This is a spacious circular chamber, one hundred feet in diameter, and forty feet high. When illuminated by "Bengal lights" the formations upon the walls reflect the rays in a thousand different shades of brilliancy;—the different avenues leading off in various directions, are also partially revealed, until the view is shut out by the impenetrable gloom beyond. The remains of the "Saltpetre Works," which were in operation here, during the war of 1813, are yet to be seen. The peculiar atmosphere of the cave has kept the wood in a perfect state of preservation.

To the right of the Rotunda is Audubon's Avenue, which is nearly as large as the main cave. In this, in the winter season are found great quantities of bats, hanging in clusters of thousands from the ceiling. Hence the avenue has been called after the celebrated ornithologist, although we can not say that we entirely acquiesce in the propriety of the name. Beyond the "Bat's-nest," the cave grows wider and higher, from the walls of which, are huge rocky projections to which has been given the name of the "Kentucky Cliffs," from their resemblance to the cliffs on the Kentucky River. These rocks, tower up to the distance of sixty-five feet. The remoter end of these cliffs assume, by degrees, the shape and appearance of a gallery, about midway between the floor and ceiling of the cave; hence the name of the "Church-gallery." This leads

to the "Church" a spacious chamber, three hundred feet square and sixty-five feet high. In the centre has been erected a stand for preaching, and meetings have frequently been held here. Beyond the "Gothic Galleries," which are elevated sixty-five feet from the floor, and which lead from the "church," is the entrance to the "Gothic Avenue," which takes its name from a resemblance between its structure and the Gothic order of architecture. The remote end of this avenue is distant two-and-a-half miles from the entrance of the cave. In this branch are the "Haunted Chambers," a series, or cluster of contiguous rooms, so connected together that the slightest noise made in one is re-echoed throughout all the rest. Beyond the haunted chambers, in the Gothic Avenue, are some splendid stalagmites and stalactites. The first and principal one is the "Port-oak Pillar" extending from the floor to the ceiling, and several feet in diameter, as if supporting the roof of the cave. A short distance beyond, in the "Gothic Chapel" is another pillar of chrystalised limestone. It is larger than the one already mentioned, and is called "Hercules's Pillar." Its diameter is eight feet, and its surface is covered with chrystals, which sparkle like diamonds in the light of the torches. Next to the Gothic Chapel, is "Vulcan's shop" with its huge limestone anvil, one of the most curious formations in this part of the cave, which boasts of many beautiful ones. Among these, the principal are the "Elephant's Head" and the "Arm-Chair." The first is an exact representation of an elephant's head; so correct is it, indeed, that, at first view it has the appearance of having come from the sculptor's hand. The second is formed by the union of a stalagmite and a stalactite. It is, in reality, a pillar, with a cavity on one side in which is a convenient seat and a foot stool. The "Lover's Leap" is temptingly near this place for reflection. It is a rock, projecting over a deep pit, into which the plunge would be fearful; the name given to it is well deserved—that is, if lovers now-a-days ever leap over precipices. But I had nearly forgotten to mention the "Flying Indian," one of the greatest curiosities of the cave. This is a black figure upon the ceiling, (that is perfectly smooth and white) formed by the dripping of water previously impregnated with some bituminous substance. This is retained and absorbed by the rock, which it has colored; while accident has given the outlines of an Indian—with outstretched arms, grasping his bow and arrows. The position of the figure has caused it to be named the "Flying Indian." In another portion of the cave is a representation of a panther upon the dead limb of a tree, which is singularly

correct. Near by is the "Giant's Coffin," a huge rock, fifty feet long and ten feet high, having the exact shape of a coffin. At this point is the "Acute Angle" of the cave, after turning which, you enter the "Star-chamber," decidedly the most beautiful curiosity in the cave, although there are other portions which may surpass it in grandeur. The ceiling is about seventy feet from the floor, and is perfectly black, but gemmed with chrystals, that, reflecting the torch-light, have the appearance of stars, while the black ground in which they are set, appears like the dark sky of night. The walls are white limestone, and slope gradually until they meet the ceiling, thus looking like overhanging precipices, while the loose rocks, lying confusedly in the bottom of the cave, give the appearance of the bed of some mountain stream, whose waters are dried. Look upwards, and you can see between the ragged precipices, the dark sky, gemmed with a myriad of stars, and calm and beautiful as it is of a summer's eve. The illusion is *perfect*; and this one dash of the pencil of nature challenges the imitation of human art. The imagination of a Raphael would drop, pinionless, in the attempt to soar to such daring sublimity of design, and his pencil would fall from his hand, its magic gone, in the execution! We remained here some time wrapt in admiration of this beautiful exhibition of nature's painting;—then, reluctantly leaving the spot, we turned from the main cave into the "Deserted Chambers." The first of these, is called the "Wooden Bowl," from its shape. In it is a clear spring from which we drank. We then passed through the "Archway," a narrow passage, to "Side-saddle Pit," sixty-five feet deep. Near this, is the "Bottomless pit," which we crossed on a wooden bridge. This pit is so called from its great depth, which is between three and four hundred feet.

Leaving the Main Cave again, at this point, we reached "Gorin's Dome" after ascending and descending one or two ladders. This is considered the "grandest" thing in the cave, being a perpendicular shaft measuring three hundred feet from top to bottom. Its walls are decorated with beautiful formations of chrystalized limestone, reflecting the powerful light with an intensity which renders it almost painful to look upon them. Human architecture could not produce, as a monument of its own perfection any work that could compare with this splendid dome,—so majestic in its proportions, and so perfect and exquisite in the ornaments which decorate its walls. I remember the expression of an Englishman, who, on seeing it, said that the sight of it alone, repaid him for his voyage across the Atlantic.

Returning to the main cave, we passed through the "Humble Shoot," the "Winding Way," the "River Hall," and "Bacon's Chamber," to the "Dead Sea," quite a large body of water, and very deep. Passing along the side of this, we then crossed the river "Styx" by a passage through an upper cave above. We then crossed "Lake Lethe" in a boat but little better or larger, than the bowl in which the "Three wise men of Gotham" went to sea. Then climbing over a pile of rocks and sand, we embarked in another boat, scarcely larger than the first, and descended the river "Jordan," the distance of three-fourths of a mile. We thus found ourselves, after navigating one mile under ground, on the other side of "Purgatory," (which we passed unscathed) cut off from all the rest of the world by the oblivious waters of Lethe, the ferriage of the Styx, the sea of the Dead, and last of all, by "Jordan's ever-rolling flood."

Our guide sang several songs while crossing, to show the effect of the echo upon the music, which softened the trembling sounds and repeated them over and over, as they died away, rolling from cavern to cavern;—or rather, it seemed as if so many spirits, who were concealed in the impenetrable darkness of these subterranean avenues, took up the song by turns, and sung it over, but each one upon a lower key, and with a softer voice.

Landing in "Siliman's Avenue," we again pursued our route, over heaps of rock until we reached "Cascade Hall," in which is a cascade falling down one of its sides. A short distance beyond, we entered the "Milky Way Side cut," that takes its name from the incrustations on the ceiling, giving it an appearance, similar to that of the Milky Way. We pursued this branch until we entered "Shelby's Avenue" in which are large beds of fibrous gypsum upon the bottom and sides, five or six feet in depth. These, at first sight, look like snow banks. At the end of Shelby's Avenue we turned a point or angle, formed by a ledge of rock, twenty feet high, resembling the stem and hull of a ship. The model is almost perfect. It is called the "Great Western." We here entered the "Pass of Algore," two miles in length, having traversed which, we came to "Corrinna's Dome,"—one of the most beautiful apartments in the cave. It is circular, its height being twenty feet, and is entirely composed of chrystalized limestone, and fibrous and chrystalized gypsum. After passing into "Boon's Avenue," and thence into the "Spring Side Cut" where is "Hebe's Spring," (a fountain strongly impregnated with sulphur,) we entered "Cleveland's Cabinet," at the distance of nine miles from the mouth of the cave. This cabinet is about three miles in length,

and abounds in chrystalisations of various kinds. Upon the floor, in several places, are huge heaps of sulphate of magnesia (Glauber's Salts) and sulphate of soda, (Epsom Salt,) which are said to be more powerful than those usually sold at the Apothecaries. Near the entrance of Cleveland's Cabinet, is "Mary's Vineyard," so called from the beautiful circular chrystals of limestone, hanging in clusters from the rock, and exactly resembling grapes. These "grapes" cover the wall for some distance, giving the appearance of a thriving vineyard. "Spar Hall," through which we next passed, is so designated from the numerous formations of spar, found in it. Next to this is the "Snow ball room," the ceiling of which is covered with formations of sulphate of lime, which resemble snow balls. In the remote end of this chamber is "Mary's Bower," a small dome, with a fretted ceiling of *rosettes* of gypsum formation. These rosettes are as natural as if sculptured from marble, in imitation of the natural rose. There are several grottoes in this portion of the cave, whose walls are covered with innumerable formations of gypsum.

The cave, which here commences to grow wider and higher, also becomes more rough and rugged, until reaching the "Rocky Mountains," a succession of high hills, formed of detached fragments of rock, at times rising to the height of one hundred feet. The last and highest of the "mountains," upon the side that overlooks "Dismal Hollow" is two hundred feet from its summit to the level of the cave beyond. Truly, this "dismal hollow" is well deserving of its name. From the top of the mountain it appears like a bottomless gulf. The abyss covers an area of eight acres, and its depth cannot be seen, for want of sufficient light.

In "Serena's Arbor," which we entered after climbing over rocks, for some distance, are many beautiful formations of chrystalized limestone. Among them are two stalagmites, worthy of notice. One of them is a representation of a cedar tree, and is perfectly correct in shape and proportion; the other is a miniature of the celebrated "Cleopatra's Needle."

A pit, one hundred and sixty feet deep, terminates this avenue, at the distance of thirteen miles from the mouth of the cave. There are other avenues or branches, equally wonderful with the one described. Indeed, the cave as far as explored seems to be but one of several caves of equal grandeur and extent, one lying above another. The branches leading from the main cave, as already discovered, are two hundred and sixty-five in number, of which there are many extensive ones unexplored. The shortest of these is one-fourth of a mile, and the longest, is nearly

ten miles in length. In exploring that portion of the cave which we have endeavored to describe, we walked thirty-five miles. We were lowest, beneath the surface of the earth, when upon the rivers, having then made a descent of three hundred and twenty-five feet. There are several large bodies of water in the cave, many springs, pure and sulphurous, and numerous cascades, of which "Harrison's Cascade" is the largest, falling the depth of sixty feet. The only salts in the cave, are the sulphates of magnesia and soda. The formations are principally of chrysalised limestone, sulphate of lime, chrysalised and fibrous gypsum, olophelite spar, and petrified mud.

In the winter season, great numbers of bats are found hanging to the ceiling in a state of torpor. A white semi-transparent, and *blind* species of cricket are occasionally seen; also, in the rivers, blind fish from three to five inches in length, perfectly white and transparent, together with craw fish, which possess the same peculiarities. We could discover, on examination, no place or sock-

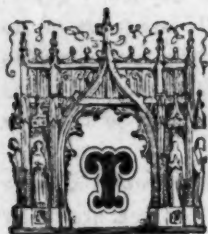
ets for the eyes, in either; on the contrary, the head was smooth on the top and sides, without the least inequality or indentation.

The air is agreeable and exhilarating, making the pulse beat full and strong, and respiration is performed with perfect freedom. The contrast, on emerging into the open air, is so great as almost to produce suffocation and fainting; the external air being loaded with a thousand disagreeable odors, and being heavy and feverish. This is caused by the extreme purity of the atmosphere within the cave, which is light and dry, and is always, during both summer and winter, of about the same temperature, (60° Fahrenheit.) Hence the air within appears warm in winter and cool in summer. During the former season there is a constant current of air blowing *into* the cave, sufficiently strong to extinguish a lighted candle or lamp; while in the summer, the current is reversed. This circulation is a preservation against the *fire damp*, of which there is none in the cave.

H. D. C.

THE POET LOVER.

BY MISS MARY C. DENVER.



HE wild bird shook her joyous wing,
Where close beside the clear,
cool spring,
The Poet Lover paused to sing
The pride of old heroic days,
But from his lyre no sound arose
Of deathless deeds and daring
foes,

But lyre and master sought repose
In love's serener, softer rays.

Scarcely was heard a living sound
In all that wide extended ground,
Yet stern old trees were scattered round,
Lifting their gloomy heads on high;
And on their cold and earthen beds,
The meek-eyed violets drooped their heads
Within their broad-leaved palisades,
Raising to heaven alone their eye.

The poet marked their azure hue,
And thought upon an eye of blue,
And to his bosom gently drew
One little flower of constancy;
"O, token of true faith," he cried,
"Thou treasurest in thy heart no pride,
Yet evil mayest thy love betide,
If left upon the earth to lie."

The Poet saw the wild rose bring
Her leafy offering to the spring,
"O, passion-leaves," he cried, "why fling
Your fragrance on the fickle wave?
Why yield to them who will not seek?
Why answer them who will not speak?"
He thought upon a young rose cheek,
And snatched them from a certain grave.

He heard the wild waves' melody
Float on mysterious pinions by,
As if an angel hovered nigh
And caught the music from the stream,
Half sad, half solemn, half sublime,
Stealing upon the steps of time,
Sounding at every step a chime,
Like strange wild music of a dream.

"O, haunted spring," he cried, "how long
Shall I sit listening to thy song,
And mark the spirit-shadows throng
All dim and indistinct within?
I've heard on this enchanted ground
A thousand changeful voices round,
Yet cannot recollect one sound
Of all my thirsty soul drinks in.

"I've striven long, yet strive in vain
To catch one single magic strain,

They come and float within my brain,
Like strangers on a foreign strand;
A glance half treasured and no more,
A longing for a journey o'er,
A backward look upon the shore,
And then the joys of fatherland.

“I’ve caught the rose’s changeful dye,
I’ve found where meek-eyed violets lie,
Resemblances of cheek and eye,
Nought else resembles love of mine;
Yet Blanche, the wild wave’s voice to me
Is a remembrancer of thee;
Full of the heart’s own minstrelsy
It speaks in music only thine.

“I cannot sing as once I sung,
Of steel and falchion forward flung,
Where banner waved and bugle rung,
When gallant Hotspur took the field,
Breathed life into the cause he framed,
The hand of valiant Douglas claimed
Breathed forth one Esperance and named
His own brave heart his only shield.

“Ah me! the venerated lays
That tell of old heroic days,
When Wallace bound the mingled bays
Of death and victory round his brow;
I did not think another strain
Could ever make them call in vain,
Or drive from this enchanted brain
The sounds that haunted it till now.

“The shout of wild, exciting war,
The blaze of crimson glory’s star,
And of the proud triumphal car
Borne in the front of victory;
The midnight watch, the wild alarms,
The clang of conflicts and of arms,
War’s dreadful, wild, exulting charms,
I turn to them—and sing of thee.

“I am alone, yet thou art here
Listening with an attentive ear,—

A spiritual presence near
I ever feel yet cannot see,—
Thou meet’st me in the woody dell,
Thou meetest me by flood and fell,
Ev’n in the lonely prison cell
Thy soft blue eyes are turned on me.

“I feel like one, dear love of mine,
Who, trav’ling in uncertain line,
Finds first some undiscovered shrine,
And stops in sudden ecstasy,
So did my startled glances shine
On a before unnoticed shrine,—
I’ll make it henceforth ever mine—
When tremblingly they fall on thee.

“And ne’er bath Mecca’s pilgrim crowd
Before their Prophet’s altar bowed,
And called upon his name aloud
With greater reverence than I;
For I have found thy heart a shrine
Where liveth feelings half divine,
Like purifying flames, whence mine
May look with confidence on high.

“Thou my Egina!—in thine eyes
I see a thousand fancies rise,
Too pure to dwell beneath the skies
Where mind is like an ocean-shell,
Which thrown upon the barren earth
Sendeth a murmuring music forth,
Yet ever of mysterious birth,
For none the ocean-strains can tell.

“The gathered sounds shall all be thine,
Poured out in numbers on the shrine
That I have consecrated mine,
Thou, Blanche, canst only tell how long;
For thou hast changed my spirit’s tone,
And caused my simple lyre alone
To breathe thy name, and made thine own
The very music of my song.”

A LITTLE THING.

“It is a little thing,” saith the jester;
While his words of carelessness
Go down into the heart to burn and fester;
Not the lighter for his lightness, nor the less
That he utters them in very thoughtlessness:
For a long-stilled wound is smarting,
With the swift thrust of a sharp word thrilling through,
And a bitter tear from eyes that beam’d is starting;
Is it little if the grief be born anew?

“It is a little thing,” saith the scoffer;
And his laugh rings uncontrolled,
Where gentler hearts their pure libations offer;
And the biting mockery, and the jestings bold,
Go out like wolves among a peaceful fold.

There were holy drops of healing,
Where the spirit-beauty (kindling) flashed and
burned;
But the bitter scorn dashed on, its pureness stealing;
Is it little if the cup be overturned?

A little—little thing to the scorner,
But he heedeth not the while
How the shrinking, sorrowing anguish of the mourner
Grows keener with the keenness of his smile:
For scorn can only quicken—to defile.
Has not earth enough of sorrow?
Not enough of woe to wring, and pierce, and sting,
But the poison darts of satire we must borrow,
It is not, cannot be “a little thing.” H. M.

MODERN POETRY.—NO. VI.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



E place at the head of this paper one of the first names in American literature. A professorship in the most distinguished of our colleges, a high reputation for scholarship, and foreign residence, have no doubt had their weight in recommending him to public notice; but his reputation could not have stood and grown as it has done without a solid foundation. His works have been widely circulated and read; the seal of public approbation has been set upon them; and we shall therefore, instead of dwelling upon their peculiarities, proceed, as usual, to some more general reflections.

The cant of criticism, which Tristram Shandy satirized, is not less absurdly displayed in our day than it was in his. The critic still applies his measuring rule, and judges the volume by its squareness, and the relation between its length, breadth, and thickness. Thus one author's style is "chaste and pure," another's "easy and flowing," another's "dignified," another's "tender," &c. &c. and by these *ear-marks*, his position on the sacred mount is determined. Just as if a question of female beauty were to be settled by the color of the hair and eyes, the shape of the nose, and the size of the mouth, and not by the *effect* produced by their peculiar combination.

Two women are equal in the symmetry of their forms, and the regularity and beauty of their several features. The brow of one is as fair as that of the other; the nose as truly Grecian; the mouth as sweet; the chin as delicately turned; and the cheek as rich; yet one bears the impress of heavenly beauty, and commands the willing admiration of all hearts, whilst the other is a mere creature of clay and passes by unobserved. So, too, with men. It is said that Washington impressed every beholder with sentiments of veneration; that no one could tell how or why, but there was something almost supernatural in his presence. Yet there have been other men as large of stature, with as well proportioned forms and as many features who produced no such impression. Why is this? The effect is instantaneous; swift as the twinkle of an eye, as the flash of thought. It is not the result of criticism or of analysis; nor can you

explain it. But you acknowledge and *feel* the effect.

So it is in poetry; and these brief words of La Bruyère are worth all the canons of criticism: "When a book elevates our minds, and inspires us with noble and courageous sentiments, we need seek for no other test of its merits; it is good, and comes from the hand of a master." If it fails to do this, it has failed of its purpose; and though it may deserve praise for many of its separate qualities, it lacks the one thing needful, the *mens divinator*.

It is natural enough that those who have failed to strike the public attention should abuse the age as unpoetic; and accordingly this has been done so often and so long, that it seems now to be the settled opinion of the public themselves. Has it never occurred to those who make this complaint, that the fault is in themselves? that their voices are not heard because they are unworthy of the nineteenth century?

There has been much controversy respecting the merits of the Lake School of Poets; and to the attempt to uphold their system, and the almost universal imitation of their reveries, we verily believe, is in a great measure owing the languid character of modern poetry. Nothing could possibly be more adverse than the spirit of their poems, and the spirit of the present age. This is an age of bold speculation and of bold action. Men now dare and accomplish what would have been deemed madness by our forefathers. The realities of our day far surpass the romance of theirs. Steam ships carrying the mails across the Atlantic as regularly and punctually as stage coaches on a turnpike; the Daguerreotype, with no pencil but a sun-beam, in a few moments, producing pictures which the utmost skill of the artist never did and never can equal; the Magnetic Telegraph literally annihilating time and space; such are the realities of the nineteenth century; and yet the poets—to whom it belongs to rise superior to their age, and stir men's hearts with greater things than they have known or seen—dream on and seem unconscious that the glorious sun has passed the horizon, and is pouring a flood of light around them. In a faint voice the public attention is invoked to the odor of flowers, and the babbling of brooks. "Lines on a Sleeping Infant;" "Stanzas to a Humming-

bird;" "Verses addressed to a new-blown rose"—such are the themes of these masters of the Lyre; and truly the execution is generally in every way worthy of the subject.

We must not be understood as meaning that genius can not extract poetry even from trifles; or as depreciating wit and pathos. We trust that we have an ear for the melody of verse, and a heart not insensible to the livelier or to the softer emotions. Some of the "trifles" of the poets are among the works which we love best. But where almost the whole poetry of an age consists of trifles; where it is made a *rule* to select the familiar and the low as the objects of poetry; and where these mean subjects are treated by men whom the muse has never inspired, what wonder that a "leaden age" should be the consequence? In any other pursuit of life a theory or course of practice which had been fairly tried, and had produced evil instead of good consequences, would be condemned and discarded. Have not the Lake School, with Wordsworth at their head, fairly tried their system for almost half a century? and, notwithstanding the fine genius of the master, and of some of his followers, has not poetry, under the baleful influence of that system, driven down to general imbecility? Is not this enough? The world has become full grown, and is not to be entertained with the amusements of prattling infants; and such poetry as we are speaking of belongs to the nursery and not to the walks of men. At least, when it does rise above the level of nursery rhymes, it enters the regions of dreams and abstractions.

Such productions never could, and never did produce a deep or lasting effect. In a listless age they might amuse the listless; but in this age something deeper, stronger, and bolder is required to reach the public heart. The fire and energy which every day events call forth must be stirred to its inmost depths by him who would be called a great poet now; and such poets of past generations are now reaping their harvest of fame. Men turn instinctively from the drivellers of the new school to the bold, vigorous men of the old.

In our own country, especially, is a manly literature called for. Boldness and enterprise are our great characteristics as a people. No man can prosper in real life among us without these qualities. How then can we appreciate the dreamy and the trifling in poetry? Individuals may, but the nation will not. It is absurd to say that we have no taste for poetry. We are a nation of readers beyond any other in the world, and we read every thing. There is scarce a dwelling in the land that does not possess volumes of poetry, or in which they are not read; and

notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject, both at home and abroad, it is our firm belief that if some man of high and vigorous genius were to arise, even now, and freeing himself from the trammels of rules and systems, consult only nature, and the impulses of his own heart, and the spirit of the age, his lofty strains would be received with an acclamation such as has never yet greeted poet.

To return to Professor Longfellow.

We recognize in some of his compositions a degree of truth and nerve which redeems him from the censure which we have been endeavouring to express, and promises still better things than he has yet given us. His admirers would no doubt differ in their selections, but no one can dispute that the true spirit of poetry breathes throughout

"THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

"Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

"His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can;
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

"Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

"And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

"He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

"It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

"Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

"Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

Let the reader judge this after the manner of
La Bruyère and say whether it is not "good!"
But what shall we say of verses like the follow-
ing, from "Voices of the Night?"

"The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
'Caw! caw!' the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of wo,
A sound of wo!"

We consign this to the nursery; and turn to
a poem worthy of our author and of his readers.

"EXCELSIOR."

"The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device
Excelsior!"

"His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!"

"In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glories shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan
Excelsior!"

"'Try not the pass!' the old man said;
'Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide.'
And loud that clarion voice replied
Excelsior!"

"'O stay!' the maiden said, 'and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!'
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!"

"'Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!'
This was the peasant's last good night,
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!"

"At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!"

"A traveler, by the faithful hound
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!"

"There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and fair,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!"

The chief poetical publications of Professor
Longfellow, are two small volumes of fugitive
pieces, one entitled "Voices of the Night," and
the other "Ballads and other Poems," and a play
in three acts, called "The Spanish Student." He
is but a young man yet, and we trust he will
long live to contribute to the elevation of his
country's literature. We close by quoting one
more fine poem.

BURIAL OF THE MINISSINK.

"On sunny slope and beachen swell,
The shadowed light of evening fell;
And, where the maple's leaf was brown,
With soft and silent lapse came down
The glory, that the wood receives,
At sunset, in its brazen leaves.

"Far upward in the mellow light
Rose the blue hills One cloud of white,
Around a far uplifted cone,
In the warm blush of evening shone;
An image of the silver lakes,
By which the Indian's soul awakes.

"But soon a funeral hymn was heard
Where the soft breath of evening stirred
The tall, gray forest; and a band
Of stern in heart, and strong in hand,
Came winding down beside the wave
To lay the red chief in his grave.

"They sang, that by his native bowers
He stood, in the last moon of flowers,
And thirty moons had not yet shed
Their glory on the warrior's head;
But, as the summer fruit decays,
So died he in those naked days.

"A dark cloak of the roebuck's skin
Covered the warrior, and within
Its heavy folds the weapons made
For the hard toils of war were laid;
The cuirass, woven of plaited reeds,
And the broad belt of shells and beads.

"Before, a dark haired virgin train
Chanted the death dirge of the slain;
Behind the long procession came
Of hoary men and chiefs of fame,
With heavy hearts, and eyes of grief,
Leading the war-horse of their chief.

"Stripped of his proud and martial dress,
Uncurbed, unreined, and riderless,
With darting eye, and nostril spread,

And heavy and impatient tread,
He came; and oft that eye so proud
Asked for his rider in the crowd.

"They buried the dark chief; they freed
Beside the grave his battle steed;
And swift an arrow cleaved its way
To his stern heart! one piercing neigh
Arose,—and, on the dead man's plain,
The rider grasps his steed again."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST.

BY A RAMBLER.



NOT more than fifty years ago, unbroken forests covered the broad regions which are now comprised in the boundaries of some of our most flourishing states. The changes which have given a totally different appearance to the western portion of this Union, have been no less rapid than wonderful. The prophecy of the poet, Campbell, who has made the name of sequestered Wyoming immortal, has already, in effect if not literally, been fulfilled.

"On Erie's stormy banks, where panthers steal along,
And the dread Indian chants a dismal song,
Where human fiends on midnight errands walk,
And bathe in blood the murderous tomahawk,—
There shall the flocks on thymy pastures stray,
And shepherds dance at summer's opening day.
Each wandering genius of the lonely glen
Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men;
And silent watch, on woodland heights around,
The village curfew, as it tolls profound."

Thus has the poet's dream of the future, become the reality of the present. Hideous Barbarism no longer holds her darkened sway o'er the broad and fertile regions bounded by the lakes, and watered by the Ohio and Mississippi,—she has dropped her iron sceptre, and fled abashed, before the advance of smiling civilization. The

wilderness now "blossoms as the rose," and the country which was once a Pandemonium, has become a Paradise. This truly wonderful change has been effected as if by magic. The son of the veteran pioneer, as he wonders at the spacious magnificence of some western city, may hear his father tell of the days, scarcely gone by, when the gloomy forests sighed over the spot on which are now reared the splendid structures of the growing metropolis of wealth and trade. The conception of the dream of Rip Van Winkle, would find an admirable application here. The sleeper might have sought repose beneath some venerable tree, waving in the midst of a thousand others, extending on every side, for as many miles, and on waking from his slumbers of a score of years, he would find himself surrounded by the bustle and enterprise of a growing city.

This rapidity of improvement, has given a peculiar appearance to the vicinities of many of our most flourishing western towns.

The city is frequently seen surrounded by the wilderness; and, as the great American novelist has said, a state of high civilization, infant existence, and portions of barbarity are often brought almost together. "The traveler, who has passed the night in an inn that would not disgrace the oldest country in Europe, may be compelled to dine in the shantee of a hunter; the smooth and graveled road sometimes ends in an impassible swamp; the spires of a town are often hid by the branches of a tangled forest, and the canal leads to a seemingly barren and useless mountain.

He that does not return to see what another year may bring forth, commonly bears away from these scenes, recollections that conduce to error."

Thus do nature and art strive for the supremacy. The landscape is diversified by villages teeming with life and enterprise, and surrounded by fields of ripening grain, while a little beyond, just at the place where the earth and sky seem to meet, the forest of a thousand years waves its stately tops in the breeze, unspoiled of a single tree which stood there a century ago. The hum of business rises from the midst of perpetual silence—unbroken solitude broods round the haunts of active life. The two extremes meeting, thus produce an effect as pleasing as it is novel. A striking instance of this singular collocation was presented to the writer, one beautiful summer morning, some years since, while sailing on Lake Erie, in one of those magnificent steamers, which ply on the vast chain of inland seas. I was seated on the hurricane deck, watching the swells as they rolled upon the shore of a long point of land, projecting out into the lake. Not a single dwelling was discernible upon the beach; a dark forest overhung the waters.

Suddenly the boat shot round the projecting land, and scarcely a moment elapsed before we were entering the mouth of a broad and beautiful bay, dotted with occasional green islands, and numerous sails. It extended to the west further than the eye could reach, and seemed large enough to afford anchorage for a fleet. Another moment elapsed, and as we gained the entrance of the bay, the spires of a beautiful town, situated upon a point, formed by the bay, and a cove receding to the east, were seen, glittering in the morning sun. The land on which the town is situated rises gently from the water's edge, to the distance of more than half a mile, and then stretches off, in a level plain to the east and south. The beauty of this view was as striking as it was unexpected. But a few moments before, the prospect had been bounded by the waters on the one hand, and by the forest on the other; now, we found ourselves in full view of Sandusky City, one of the most flourishing of western towns. The cheerful sounds of commercial enterprise were wafted across the waters; vessels coming to anchor, and spreading their sails for departure; wharves swarming with steamboats and other craft, and in the distance, along the shores of the bay, a train of cars leaving for the interior, all combined to heighten the contrast between the stirring scene, I saw before me, and the solitude which, a few moments previous, surrounded me. It was indeed a beautiful sight!

I shall never forget the expression of one of the "Fathers of the Town," who, when he first beheld the spot on which it is built, found it covered with the forest. Long after Sandusky had become flourishing and populous, the venerable citizen, surrounded by a cluster of friends, stood upon the elevated public grounds of the city, admiring the beauty of the scene, during a favorable season of the year. After gazing for some time in silence, he turned to his companions, and in momentary enthusiasm exclaimed, "We have the waters on the left hand, and the waters on the right; the blue waves of Erie are curling at our feet, and we are based upon the rock;—gentlemen, God Almighty made this town!" The old man spoke truly, for the west can boast of few lovelier spots.

After landing here, and remaining a few days, curiosity prompted me to pay a visit to the "Cold Springs," at the head of Cold Creek, a few miles distant from the place. This spring is remarkable from its size, and the singularity of its form and character. An immense body of water rising from one point out of the earth, has worn a reservoir, from which a large creek takes its rise. This reservoir, filled with water, almost as cold as ice, and clear as crystal, is of the shape of an inverted cone, of about eighty feet in depth, and sixty or seventy in diameter at the upper surface. The transparency of the fluid is such, that a pebble may be seen at the bottom of the spring, and to a person in a boat floating upon it, it seems as if he were resting in air. At a little distance beyond are valuable mill seats, where extensive mills have been erected. Near by, is the beautiful village of Castalia, so called from the pure and sparkling waters of the creek on which it is situated. This village stands on a spot rendered memorable by a tragical scene which happened there, in the summer of 1813. We will briefly relate the occurrence as it was told us, by one of the old settlers of the place.

The condition of the exposed settlements of Ohio and Michigan, after Hull's surrender, and prior to the restoration of security by the victories of General Harrison, is too well known to require detail. The whole western frontier lay exposed to savage massacre. The few who remained within reach of the tomahawk, were obliged to keep a constant watch over their families and dwellings, and to sleep upon their arms. In the summer of 1813, the Indians of nearly all the western tribes were unusually on the alert, and were constantly making incursions upon the white settlements. Among others, a party of Ottawa Indians, had been lurking about the head of Cold creek for several days, conceal-

ing themselves in the woods, and watching an occasion of attack upon the dwellings and females of the whites, while the men should be absent in the fields. The opportunity at length arrived, while the men were laboring in the cornfields, behind a hill which hid from their view the house, in which all the females of the settlement were assembled, according to custom, for greater security. The Indians, finding their prey within their grasp, stole from their hiding-places in the woods, entered the cabin in hasty silence, as if fearful of alarming the men,—secured the females,—plundered the house of every thing valuable, and then forced away the prisoners with all possible despatch. The captives were seven in number,—all females with the exception of two small children. On crossing the creek, the Indians, finding that one of the women was unable to travel with sufficient speed to suit their hasty retreat, murdered her, took her scalp, and left her body to be devoured by beasts. They were about killing the little boy of another of their captives, (a Mrs. Putnam) when she rushed forward, snatched him from the savage, and presented him to the chief of the band, saying,

"See,—he has Indian hair, and Indian eyes," (both being black) "I give him to you. The child of a pale face shall have a chief for his father."

The chief looked upon the mother for a moment, and then turned towards the boy, who, as if conscious of what was passing, returned his gaze with a smile. The heart of the savage relented. His stern features relaxed. He took the innocent in his arms, fondled him, and then placing him on his brawny shoulders, without speaking a word, he waved his hand to his warriors, to put up their tomahawks, and ordered and pursued their rapid retreat to the canoes. The route taken by the party lay through the deep and almost impassable morasses of Muscash, a point of land projecting into Sandusky Bay. Such was the haste of their retreat that several of the captives were on the point of yielding to fatigue, and they were only sustained in their perseverance, by a knowledge of the certainty of instant death should they falter.

At length, however, they reached the canoes, and crossed the bay in great precipitation, the Indians being fearful of pursuit from the whites. Landing upon a peninsula which forms the north-western boundary of the bay, they crossed, carrying their canoes to the mouth of Portage River, emptying into Lake Erie, and were soon again afloat for Detroit. They kept their canoes near the shores of the lake, and landing at night and kindling fires, the captors would give way to revelry, compelling their captives to join in the

war-dance. In this manner, the females were taken to Detroit, and from thence to the headquarters of the Indians. Here, they were detained in captivity.

Among the prisoners, were too young and beautiful girls. The eldest of these was the betrothed of a brave youth, who, at the time of her capture, was absent in the army which defended the frontiers. The soldier remained ignorant of the captivity of her who was to have become his bride. The men of the settlement, returning from the fields, found the dwelling in which they had left their families, plundered of its valuables, and deserted by its occupants. A vigorous search was instituted, but the mangled body of Mrs. Snow was the only trace that remained of the flight, and they were left in horrible uncertainty of the fate of the lost ones. Months rolled on, without relief to the captives, or tidings to those who remained at their desolated homes. The recital of their sufferings during this weary time would be superfluous, since so many similar instances are on record.

At length, however, relief came. The victory of the Thames under General Harrison restored security to the whole vast frontiers of the west. A portion of the army was disbanded, and the weary soldiers commenced their return to their homes. Among these was Woodruff, the betrothed of the captive girl. While at Detroit, he heard, for the first time of the fate which had befallen her. A desperate band was formed, and after a thousand adventures, the Indian camp was reached. Here a bloody encounter ensued, for the captors were unwilling to give up their prisoners, notwithstanding the recent cessation of hostilities. Victory declared in favor of the whites, who thus rescued their fair friends from bondage, and restored them to their families and their homes.

The above is an unvarnished account of facts, as they were related to me by one who had participated in the events of those dangerous times. I leave the imagination of my readers to fill the outline, for I have related but the sober truths of history, and the reality is of such a nature, as to scorn the useless decorations of romance.

The boy remained for many years among the tribe whose chief had adopted him as his son; but at length circumstances returned him to his friends.

A thriving orchard now grows upon the scene of the capture, and a crumbling chimney, scarcely rising above the low trees, marks the site of the cabin. But it is fast disappearing, and with it, is fading the remembrance of the sufferings undergone by the adventurers who laid the foundations of western prosperity.

CATHARINE BLOOMER.

OR, NEW AIMS IN LIFE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"But there is within the human mind an active and powerful principle, that awakens the dormant faculties, lights up the brain, and launches forth to gather up from the wide realm of nature, the very essence of what every human bosom pines for, when it aspires to a higher state of existence, and feels the insufficiency of this." MRS. ELLIS.



LOUISA, are you almost ready?" asked a young lady, raising her eyes from the book she was reading, and glancing at her friend, who stood before the mirror of her dressing room, preparing to go out.

"I shall not be long, Catharine," was the reply, made in a sweet voice. "I'm afraid that book don't interest you much, for you look at me, yawn, then read a few moments, in regular rotation."

"Do I? Well, I do n't know what I do, and what is worse, I can't find out what I want to do. I believe I have got that fashionable complaint, ennui; so I have called this afternoon to take you out walking in Broadway with me. That is the proper and fashionable remedy, is it not?"

"I believe it is in vogue; as for its propriety, I leave that to your own judgment."

"O, I do n't care for punctilious proprieties, if I can be amused by watching a thousand different countenances, and thus killing time, it is all I ask."

"It may be all you ask, but is it all you ought to ask?"

"No moralising, if you please, I came, that you might impart to me a little of your gaiety. So do n't be obstinate, and make me feel more doleful than I do at present."

"Have you any real cause for unhappiness, Kate?" Louisa inquired, turning round, and scanning closely the countenance of her friend.

"No cause, except what every one has, or might have. Every body thinks I am very happy; I have kind parents, wealth, and liberty to spend my time as I may choose. I have you, dear Louisa! yet my soul asks for something more. Will its cravings ever be satisfied?"

Louisa did not answer, but an expression of sadness went over her countenance. It was the first time Catharine Bloomer had ever, in the

slightest degree, given vent to her real feelings. The friends had generally been gay and cheerful in each other's society. Now the face of Catharine was touched with melancholy; her fine, proud features, were softened and subdued. She was silent for awhile, then arousing herself, she rose and approached her friend, saying in her usual careless tone, "Louisa, I really believe you are a little vain; I wonder how long you have stood before that glass, pulling your bonnet this way and that, to make it set straight, and look pretty."

"A singular kind of vanity," Louisa retorted, with a smile, "for I was scarcely conscious of what I was doing."

"You want me to believe that speech, do you, you vain little gipsy?" said Catharine, touching her chin, with an air of playful fondness.

"Yes, I want you to believe it, and I further desire you to retract your words, or we will surely have a duel."

"Suppose we have a duel then, by way of variety. Here is my gage," and stooping down, Catharine picked up a tiny satin slipper that was peeping from beneath the bureau.

"I accept your pledge, most noble knight," replied Louisa, seizing her slipper. After flinging it in a corner, she threw her arm around her companion's waist, and said as she led her from the room, "Now I am ready to go out in Broadway and fight, as becomes a valiant lady cavalier. But, Catharine, to be serious, do you think I am vain?" For a moment the young girl addressed was silent, her lips closed firmly in thought. Presently she answered with a frank decision, "Yes, I think you are." After a moment's pause, she added, "You know we entered into a compact to tell each other our faults, when we noticed them."

"Yes," was the brief and somewhat cold reply. They gained the street, and walked about half a block without speaking. Louisa was slightly hurt, and the deep glow of mortification was

upon her cheek. But she was an affectionate girl, and loved her friend too well, to feel more than a momentary coldness towards her. She broke their unwonted silence, by pressing Catharine's hand, and saying, "Thank you, you are a true friend. Whenever you think I betray any vanity, tell me of it. I am sure I desire to get rid of all my faults."

"I know it. I should be a different person, perhaps, if my desires were as active as yours always are. I see my own faults, and the faults of my neighbors. But in regard to myself, I am indolent—careless. Give me enjoyment, and I suppose I am too indifferent whether my faults or virtues are called into action. You never tell me of my faults, Louisa, except the single one of sarcasm; I am sure I have a thousand more than you."

"Well, I think it is very hard to listen with patience and right feeling, to one who is pointing out our faults. Do you know, Kate, I was almost indignant, when I found you were in earnest about my vanity. It is so very agreeable to have your friends think you are just about right."

"Do you think so?" laughed her friend, shaking her head a little.

"Do n't you? Is praise and admiration disagreeable to you? I thought you were proud of your gifts. I have seen your eye flash with pleasure, when your mental superiority was felt, and acknowledged." Catharine answered by an impatient, "pshaw!" and thus the subject was dismissed. By this time they had reached the house of an acquaintance. Louisa paused, and laying her hand upon Catharine's arm, said, "suppose we give Mrs. Belcher a call, she would not like it, if she knew we passed her house without stopping in."

"Just as you please," returned Catharine, "I am perfectly indifferent."

"You are in a queer mood just now," Louisa replied, as they ascended the steps, not "very complimentary to Mrs. Belcher, I must say."

"I tell the truth, if I am not very complimentary. The society of Mrs. Belcher never adds one whit to my enjoyment; why should I be otherwise than indifferent? I wish society was so organized that we would never be obliged to say all sorts of pretty things about the weather, fashions, &c. to people for whom we do n't care a fig. It almost makes me sick to rattle on an hour or two about things in which I have no interest whatever. I would rather be alone, fifty times than with such people. I wish there was a little more independence in the world."

"*Sois tranquille, ma chère!*" said Louisa, touching the shoulder of her friend, on hearing a

hand on the knob of the door. They were speedily ushered into the elegantly furnished parlors of Mrs. Belcher, where they were left alone for a time.

"I feel very fluent this morning," playfully remarked Catharine, throwing herself on the sofa, "I presume you have observed it, friend Louisa. I could mount this sofa, at the shortest notice, and deliver an extempore lecture on the evils of visiting uncongenial acquaintances."

"Kate, you are too bad," returned Louisa, trying to suppress a smile. "I have a good long lecture to give you, and you shall have it, depend upon it. Now promise me you will be a good girl during this call, and not act as if you were perfectly unconscious of all that is said. Be a good listener. I do n't ask you to talk much. You appear like a different person, when you care to please, and when you do not."

"I promise any thing to please you. But, then, afterwards I shall argue with you, until you come over to my side of the question, and—"

"How?" interrupted Louisa. "Why this is my doctrine. I do n't approve of spending hours in visiting and receiving persons, who are the very antipodes of ourselves, in tastes, dispositions, and every thing else, that makes social intercourse delightful. Why can't we cut short such acquaintance, and mingle only with those more congenial. It would be better for us. I hate this vapid, fashionable society."

"You know we should not regard our own happiness entirely, in the company we go in."

"Yes, yes, I know that. But we confer very little happiness, where we are not happy ourselves."

"It is selfishness that prevents us from being glad that we can give pleasure to any one. You know if you should exert yourself, you could impart a great deal of pleasure, even to the class of people you speak of. Do n't yield to what you consider silly in them, only so far as you may, by this means, turn them your own way, to more sensible things."

"Can't take the trouble, Louise; it is out of the question. I can't stem the torrent, when it is so little worth stemming. So I fall in with it, or pass by."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Belcher. "Ah! ladies, good morning! how are you?" she exclaimed, tripping lightly into the room. "Very happy to see you. Charming day, is it not? I intend to go out shopping before this fine weather is over. Can't you take off your hats, young ladies, and stay to dinner?"

The visitors politely excused themselves. "O, Stewart has got some of the sweetest muslins,"

the lady went on to say. "They are splendid for dresses. Have you seen them?"

"No, we have not!" answered both the girls.

"Well, I can't find out whether straw hats or silk are going to be worn most. Do you know, Miss Bloomer?"

"I really do not," the young lady replied, looking intently in Mrs. Belcher's face, and speaking in a slow, puzzled tone, as if her ignorance was cause for serious and thoughtful anxiety. Louisa bit her lip, to keep from smiling. Mrs. Belcher then turned to Miss Hollman and said, "My milliner says straw will be worn most, but I do n't like to run the risk of making a purchase on her assurance alone. What do you think?"

"I can't tell, I am sure. I have not thought much about it." There was a short pause, which Catharine broke, by saying, "Shall you leave the city early this summer, Mrs. Belcher?"

"I shall leave in July for the Springs. I should surely die if I were not there. I wonder who will lead the ton this year, I should like to know."

"Perhaps you will, Mrs. Belcher," suggested Catharine, gravely.

"O, no," replied the lady with a pleased smile. "I suppose I must be satisfied with having been the belle before I was married."

"Ah! were you ever the belle?" questioned Catharine in real astonishment, for she had not imagined the uninteresting face of the lady before her, had ever belonged to a bright, particular star.

"When such things are past, young ladies, we feel free to talk about them. Yes, I was the belle at Saratoga for several summers." No reply was made to this. Each of the visitors had intuitively decided in her own mind, that Mrs. Belcher had only been the belle of her own fair dreams. After a little more conversation the young ladies arose to go. "Well," said Mrs. Belcher, as they stood in the hall, "do n't you incline to think that straw hats will be worn most?"

"It is highly probable, they may," returned Louisa.

"Should n't you think they would, Miss Bloomer?"

"I think they will be worn a great deal."

"Then you would advise me to get straw, instead of silk."

"That is my advice," was the reply of Catharine, who thus hoped to bring the tantalizing discussion to an end.

"And what do you say?" the fashionable lady then appealed to Louisa.

"I say, be guided entirely by your own taste, Mrs. Belcher. I would rather not advise, in such matters."

"O, I never blame any body that advises me, let the consequences be what they may. So tell me your candid opinion."

"I must be excused. You will excuse me, wont you? We must go now! good morning."

The damsels hurried off, as if they expected every moment to be called back, in order to sit in judgment upon new bonnets.

"I'm positively nervous!" said Catharine, hurrying along the street with quick, impatient steps. "Do tell me, Louisa, what earthly good that call has done? I am sure you must agree with me now, that there is no use in visiting such harrasing people. I feel really fidgety after it. This is the last time I go there."

"I do n't think Mrs. Belcher would benefit any one, very much I must confess," replied Louisa. "And I will further say, I do n't think you would either, just now."

"Indeed, Miss Hollman! Very grateful."

"But Mrs. Belcher is an exception to the generality of people," Louisa said, after a brief smile at her friend's remark. "She rattles on at such a desperate rate, you can't say much, and whatever subject you may introduce, she dismisses it with the utmost nonchalance, if it does not suit her taste, and spins her own top again. She seems to possess a mind in which nothing will sink; you can only strike the surface, which sends every thing back with a rebound. Yet we know there are germs of goodness in her, as well as in other people."

"Of course, I suppose so," was Catharine's half indifferent reply.

"Still," pursued Louisa, "it must be our duty to keep within the sphere of the best people, unless we are sure we may not be influenced by others, more than we can influence. I am perfectly willing, and even desirous to lessen an intimacy with Mrs. Belcher, as far as we may, without exciting unpleasant feelings in her."

"Nonsense," returned Catharine, "it wont hurt her, if her indignation is a little roused. Her sphere, as you call it, and mine do n't agree, I can assure you. There are some persons, I always leave in a somewhat fretted state of mind, even if nothing has occurred, but what appeared perfectly pleasant. I am a great believer in spiritual affinities,—the tones of my heart do n't harmonise with every one. I have often only had one good look at a person, and my feelings have gone forth in glad friendship, which has grown a thousand times warmer, on acquaintance. Again I have met a person daily for months, and have felt little more interest than if an article of furniture had fallen in my way. I act upon such impulses."

"That is not to say you act rightly. But

wait until we get home, free from the noise of these rattling carriages, then we will have a talk!" They quickened their pace.

"Catharine," said Louisa, seriously, when they were again seated in her dressing room. "You told me of a fault this morning; now let me tell you of one; and listen to me, without any bursts of impatience. You are very gifted, and you know it. You are brilliant—you joyfully pour out the riches of your mind, where you know you will be appreciated and admired. But those who cannot sympathise with you mentally, you treat with an indifference, which, in my opinion, springs from selfishness."

Catharine's proud lip curved at this charge. The impetuous blood rushed over her face, and retreated again, before she made her calm reply. "Why do you think it springs from selfishness?"

"Because you only try to please where you will win the meed of admiration from a superior mind. You never try to make a feeble heart lighter and stronger by your gifts."

"It is only a noble intellect that can arouse my slumbering powers—a weak one cannot bid its treasures flow forth. Perhaps you are right, perhaps I am selfish. I know I am. I am a strange being, I suppose," and Catharine's voice grew sad. "I sometimes feel as if my powers are bound in—as if I am nothing. It is only when I touch a chord in some gifted heart, that vibrates with a strangely joyful thrill, and tells me what I am—full of stifled, unsatisfied aspirations—of glorious thoughts, which seldom, too seldom meet an echo,—then I learn what I might have been, if placed in a congenial atmosphere; if suffered to commune with kindred and higher spirits. The society I go in chokes up both heart and mind; what wonder is it that I am, as I am? Day after day, this ceaseless monotony; when I taste the cup of mental joy, it is only to regret afterwards, that it was dashed away. My God! must it always be thus!" The young enthusiast paused; the glow of her cheek had deepened, and as she raised her eyes upward filled with the light of strong feeling, a hot tear fell; both were silent for a time, with upspringing thoughts busy at their hearts. Catharine went on more calmly: "I have sometimes wished that I was a gentle being, formed to soften—and bless—to be beloved by every one. I yearn for sympathy,—to be appreciated,—I ask for one deep draught of the joy of Heaven. And then again, a flood of bitterness, such passionate bitterness falls upon my soul. Intellect and feeling! Yes, they are called gifts, blessed gifts—what have they made life to me? What is life, but a tissue of pain and care, and crushed feeling? a bright spot so rarely seen. Am I as happy—"

The young girl stopped without finishing the sentence, and leaning forward, burst into a flood of passionate tears. The deep flush that had crossed her listener's cheek, while she was speaking, the tears that sprung to her eye, and the quiver of the lip she tried to render firm, showed that the words of Catharine had stirred up in her breast, feelings which once might have responded more quickly. Seating herself on a low stool at her friend's feet, she buried her face in her hands a moment, then raising it, she pleaded in her low, earnest voice.

"Catharine, oh! Catharine, for your own sake, do n't feel so. You do no look upon life as you should. You see all through your own perverted vision,—you are morbid in your feeling. You garner up a world of intense bitterness, and spend it upon your own aching heart. I have felt so, and sometimes, even now, that some fountain of bitter waters is unsealed, and I see only darkness around me, mirrored from the darkness within. But we must let our sympathies go out to others, and for others; we must not bring all to ourselves. We must look upward for the light—upward for ever, and the radiance of Heaven will not fail to be poured upon our spirits. With hearts made strong, by pure thoughts and sweet affections, we will go forward cheerfully, and steadfastly. We must not ask how much of joy will be poured into my bosom? But rather, how much of God's love may my heart shed abroad among my fellow creatures? whose sorrows may I sooth—whose joys increase! We should bless God for his gifts, and use them not selfishly, but gratefully, for all." When Louisa ceased speaking, Catharine clasped her hand tightly in her own, and kissing her cheek, said in a choked voice, "Bless you, my friend, I will try to look upward."

How sweetly those words fell upon the ear of Louisa; with what a thrill of mingled joy and sadness, she heard Catharine's softened sobs, and felt the frequent pressure of her hand, in token of gratitude for her gentle consolation. A vein of holier thought and feeling was touched in Catharine's heart; her bitter emotions she wept away, and from the altar of her inmost soul, there went up a prayer that she might no longer waste and turn into a curse, what the father of light had given her so bountifully in his infinite love. "What have I ever done to make one human being better or happier?" she asked sadly.

"You have made me happier, dearest," replied her companion, a tear trembling in her eye, and a smile breaking gently over her features. "Your better nature is active now. You will yet be all you are capable of being,—your influence will be exerted in their best and noblest of all charities;

the awakening of pure thoughts in slumbering hearts—the strengthening of faint resolves.”

“Ah! Louisa,” said Catharine, and her subdued face, suddenly lit up with an expression of flashing hope and joy. A smile with a volume of bright, unspoken meaning in it, parted her lips. “If I could but stir up in other hearts, the feelings you have stirred in mine; if in other hearts, I could but aid to stop the current of ungrateful bitterness, and wake the sweet emotions, that flow from higher and purer fountains,—if the influence of my soul could go forth as yours does, only to strengthen the tie that may bind us to heaven; but I am too hopeful; my own heart is yet an untamed wilderness, oh! will it ever be otherwise? I tremble for my weakness.”

“God is our refuge and strength,” replied the gentle Louisa. By this time the shadows of twilight had fallen; a haziness had breathed over the few golden clouds that lingered in the west, and the blue sky had taken a more dreamy tint. The young girls parted affectionately, with an assurance of soon meeting again.

“Ah! my dearest, how do you do?” cried Miss Hollman, flinging open the door of her friend’s apartment, and giving her a hearty greeting a few weeks after the foregoing conversation. “Well, it looks oddly enough, to see you busy over any thing but a book or something of the kind. What little girl is this?” she lowered her voice, and looked at a pretty child; who was deeply engaged in sewing on a dress for her own little person.

“My protégé,” replied Catharine smiling, “she is the daughter of our washerwoman, and I am sewing for her. Look at my forefinger! The way it is scratched, pronounces me a creditable seamstress, I’m sure.”

“Very,” said Louisa, laughing, “but tell me of this sudden freak. You used to say, you never would trouble yourself with sewing, unless you were obliged to do it.”

“I know it,” returned the new seamstress, shaking her head. “But I have made better resolves, and I intend to follow them out. I shall conquer my indolent habits. You set me to thinking the other day, Louisa, and I have made up my mind to live a life of usefulness. I may not pass out of the world without having performed my part. By employing my hands, and calling into exercise my best feelings, I hope to grow better and happier. You know, with me a thing is no sooner decided upon, than it is done, if possible. What do you think I am going to do now?”

“Educate that child?”

“Yes, don’t you approve the plan, she is a bright affectionate little thing, and her mother is

poor, to destitution.” Louisa threw her arm around Catharine’s neck, and gave her a heart warm kiss. “Do n’t give up my dear girl!” she said earnestly.

“Oh! no, I am happier now, than I have been in a long time. Every thing is sunny to me now. Rainbow tints touch all. A thousand blessings are showered upon me; how could I speak so bitterly when I have kind, affectionate friends. How much more I shall try to do for their happiness than I have done. If we would only do all the good accident throws in our way, how many beautiful spots we could look back to, in after years. But I am an enthusiast, Louisa; all comes to me so glowingly. My aims in life are fixed now, I hope. I have triumphed, but I have had many prayers, and tears, and struggles since I last saw you. It has been a hard thing for me to resolve to yield up my day dreams, my idle feelings, my talents, my all to better purposes, than my own amusement. But now, now it seems a sweeter thing to pour out my sympathies—to make others joyful—it is a blessed power. We do not realise what we are, the pure happiness we are capable of, until we feel thus. It seems so delightful to me, to be full of plans, eager and interested, like other people. I am as full of romance as ever, but I shall look on life, and weave around real incidents the charmed spell. I shall no longer fly from the common place, but I will breathe over it the poetry of kindly affections. I shall not selfishly avoid the society of all, but a chosen few. I shall observe and study; I shall do any thing,—every thing to wake up my mind from its lethargic dreams. I will keep a journal to watch over my wayward heart, and note down my resolutions and short comings. It shall benefit me by being my confessional, and it shall amuse me with its own unequalled pure romance. Now have n’t I as great a tact for creating sources of happiness, as I had a few weeks ago, the talent for discovering miseries? Oh! I shall yet be happy creature, and a good one too, I hope.”

Louisa listened to this gush of happy feeling, with a smile beaming from her blue eyes, and softening every feature. Never had the dear voice of Catharine sounded so sweetly musical. Her own experience, though brief, told her that clouds followed the joyful sunshine; but it also told her that those clouds would break again; and from the bosom of the Heavens a flood of yet purer light would descend, she sought not to damp the ardor of her friend, by reminding her of the changeful states of mind to which we are subject, the hours of stern conflict with feeling, and motives which we thought we had abandoned entirely. She had seldom seen Catharine’s strength

of character thoroughly roused, but it had sometimes flashed forth with a light, that assured her it could burn brightly and steadily, if principle, undying principle, were but there to feed the flame. Casting aside these reflections, for the present, she yielded with her friend, to that delicious freshness and childhood of the heart, which all must have felt for a time at least. She rummaged among the books on education, lying on Catharine's table, sometimes laughing and jesting about her new dignities, and again entering into a serious discussion. At last, to little Susy's great delight, she took her dress from her, and occupying her vacated seat, began to sew with a charming energy. When the protégé had Catharine's permission to disappear, Louisa said gaily, "Why, Kate, we are as happy as queens here, in our capacity of seamstresses. So you are really going to give that little bright eyed damsel a first rate education; going to take the whole charge of her! Is she very smart?"

"Yes, and generous and sweet tempered. I shall not waste any accomplishments on her, but I shall cultivate and strengthen her mind, and see that the best affections of her nature are called forth, as a matter of the first importance."

"Oh! you will make a bewitching teacher, you talk like a book. Who would have thought a wild, careless girl like you could speak so judiciously on such a subject?"

"Ah! indeed," said Catharine, with her hearty mischievous laugh, "these wild girls do n't get the credit of even being in their sober senses. I suppose my acquaintances will think I am daft as the Scotch say: Well, be it so! I can be laughed at, if it is distressing, but I can't be moved."

"We would be in a pretty bad plight, if we depended on the opinions of our friends entirely, instead of our own convictions of duty," remarked Louisa.

As weeks rolled on, Catharine was fretted, worried and tormented with little Susy, as only untrained children know how to fret, torment and worry. Hasty words sometimes sprung to her lip, but the strong, upright will came off conqueror in the end. She went into society with a different spirit.

"Such a delightful time we will have to-night," were the eager words that escaped her lips, as she and Louisa, were tripping along Broadway one afternoon, "we must not stay long at Mrs. Belcher's; I hope she is not very sick."

"Oh! I hope not," answered Louisa; then taking up the subject that most occupied her thoughts; she exclaimed in a lively tone, "I shall have just the kind of company you like, the talent and genius, and you shall be the star. I

won't have to coax you to be bright to-night, will I?"

"*Taisez vous!*" said Catharine with a laugh and a blush, "I do n't like flattery. But here we are; now we must not stay long."

"No, indeed; a quarter of an hour, at most. I have oceans of business at home; but as Mrs. Belcher expressed a wish that we should call on her, I think we ought."

"Certainly, I think so too." In a few moments, the young girls stood by the sick bed of the fashionable lady. Her face was pale and thin, and wore the sad, thoughtful look, sickness and sorrow can give to the merriest or most inexpressive countenance.

"Ah! I am glad you have come," she said, extending her little white hands to the girls as they approached her; she smiled kindly as each, in turn, bent over her and kissed her. "Bring your chairs here close by me. I am so lonely. All my friends just send to the door to inquire after me. I knew you would not be careful to avoid a sick bed, so I sent for you. The greater part of the time I only see my nurse."

"We had not heard of your sickness before," said Louisa.

"I thought not."

"Is your husband out of the city?" Catharine inquired thoughtlessly; she had heard some vague rumors about Mr. Belcher, but had forgotten them.

"No, oh, no," was the brief reply, but in that tone, and in the expression that crossed Mrs. Belcher's face, the young girls read volumes. Her husband was a gambler, and his wife had learnt it but three weeks before, when he started suddenly for the South. Her kind hearted visitors stayed longer than they had intended; they felt that they had lightened the tedious hours of the invalid.

"We will come and see you often," said Catharine, tenderly.

"As often as you want us," Louisa added, with a sweet sad, smile.

"I can't bear to have you leave me, dear girls," Mrs. Belcher said, in a half pleading voice. "I do n't expect to sleep all this weary night. If one of you could only stay with me? But I should not ask it."

"I wish we could!" answered Louisa. Catharine was silent, her heart throbbed with sudden disappointment. She thought of the pleasure she had been anticipating. It came before her with glowing vividness, arrayed in the sunny warmth with which fancy prepares us for expected enjoyment. And then she thought of the kindness, by which she might sooth the neglected wife. There was a powerful struggle in her breast; the good triumphed. Speaking to Mrs. Belcher in rather

a low tone, she said, "Louisa expects a number of friends at her house to night. She of course cannot be excused, but I will stay with you, and read to you, or amuse you the best I can."

"Thank you!" exclaimed Mrs. Belcher gratefully, "but perhaps you intended to spend the evening at Louisa's?"

"I am going to spend it here now, at all events," Catharine replied, with her own peculiarly decided wilful smile.

"I wish it was convenient for me to stay too," said Louisa, as she pressed Mrs. Belcher's hand at parting. Then turning to her friend, who had approached the window, she said in an under tone, "Ah! Catharine, my pleasure is gone too. I shall think of you all the time; so lonely, and I will be where all is gaiety." The pitying drops actually started in Louisa's eyes. "March home as fast as you can go," said Catharine in the same low voice, leading her companion to the door, and dashing away a tear that came, in spite of a smile. "You unman me, you charming little baby. Just look here!" and she pointed to a crystal drop, that was rolling with "solemn gait and slow" down her cheek. Louisa disappeared, with a mischievous light chasing away her pathetic tears. Catharine moved around the invalid's bed, and deep, gentle affections came clustering about her heart. She felt happy in the consciousness of having done right; her half pensive smile, and tender voice, was a balm to the wounded spirit of the sufferer. She led the conversation along gently to subjects most adapted to give consolation to the sick and sorrowful. Gradually and slowly she opened in Mrs. Belcher's

heart the good and tender feelings, so long hidden under the smile of prosperity, on the callousness of worldly cares and pleasures. With the coloring of her own sun-bright fancy she spoke of life and its objects. She cheered her desolate bosom, with hopes and thoughts of all that future, expansive life, we may all win by our labors here. And the weary sick one listened earnestly, as Catharine touched a chord in her breast no kind being had ever sought to touch before; she felt that she had friends here, and friends in the watchful angels—and a friend in our Father in Heaven. More hallowed sympathies were gently aroused—a more soothing sadness breathed over her spirit. Tears coursed slowly and silently down her pale face. With a gush of feeling, Catharine leaned forward, and folded her arms around her slender form, as if that might protect her from sorrow.—She pressed her lips upon her forehead, and her own warm, kind tears fell, and mingled with those of the invalid. The hope she had expressed to Louisa, had come to pass. In that lonely bosom, she had awakened to a sad, yet sweet music, the string that could vibrate to hopes, higher than those of earth. When morning bathed all in its welcome light, did that young girl regret her act of self-denial? Let those who have had a similar experience answer. To change the whole current of our thoughts and feelings, is not the work of a moment; yet there must be a time when that work must commence. With Mrs. Belcher it had just begun, and through the influence of Catharine and Louisa she became, in time, not brilliant nor gifted, but what all may become, gentle, upright and good.

MUSIC.



MUSIC in the sheltered glen!
Music in the wild wood!
Speaking to the thoughts of men,
To the heart of childhood:
Rung from flowers faintly fair,
Murmured o'er the meadow;
All throughout the quivering air
Blent with sheen and shadow.

When the morning stars rejoiced,
Music rolled among them;
Anthems full and deeply voiced,
Loving angels sung them,
Through the ocean, wild and strong,
Solemn sounds go sweeping,
All the scattered tones of song
From the storm-wind reaping.

Aye! but deeper music makes
Silver-tissued wooing,
When the soul from bondage breaks,
Sin and strife subduing:
Sweeter than the fountain flings
Through its mellow murmur;
Happier than the wood-bird sings
To the leaves in summer.

Make thy heart an instrument.
For such spirit-playing;
Acting with a true intent,
Trusting and obeying,
Pour thy love out, full and free,
Wasting not the treasure;
Then the soul of song shall be
Thine without a measure.

H. M.

SCRAPS FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

A DAY AMONG THE ALPS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES OF ITALY."



TOWARD the close of a warm spring day in the past year, I found myself seated at the window of a wretched cabarét in the abominably dirty little town of L'Hospital, on the St. Gothard.

Early in the morning I had started from Fluelen which lies at the southern extremity of the Lake of the Four Cantons. My route had led me through Altorf, the scene of Tell's great feat, where, if the positions occupied by himself and son are correctly marked by the fountains which stand upon the supposed localities; the distinguished Switzer shot upon that occasion with a very long bow indeed.

From this point to L'Hospital, the scenery becomes each moment wider and more impressive. The deep gorges through which the brawling torrents force their noisy way; the steep, bold mountain sides; the rich green slopes of the valleys, and the Glaciers and snow capped mountains combine to make the scenery upon this route as magnificent as any in Switzerland. The "Devil's Bridge" merits a detailed description both from the wild grandeur of its scenery, and the interesting historical associations connected with it.

After leaving the village of Wésen, the road soon plunges into the gloom of the savage defile of Schellinen. This narrow gorge is traversed by a pathway which is cut into the steep mountain side. The Reuss dashes along its rocky bed hundreds of feet below you, and the dark rocks, bare of verdure, save here and there a cluster of Alpine roses peeping out from an occasional fissure, rise bare and frowning above and around. The glad sunlight scarcely penetrates the dark ravine, and the hoarse roar of the swollen torrent alone breaks the stillness of a spot seemingly consecrated to the genius of desolation. By a series of winding terraces, you slowly overcome the difficult ascent—now skirting the very edge of the precipice—now crossing the path of some recent avalanche, and now plunging into the darkness of a long tunnel cut through the heart of some gigantic rock. Thus toiling on with

weary footsteps and a heart oppressed by the stern character of the scenery around, you at length turn a projecting ledge, and the thunder of a cataract startles your ear, and, just before you, the single arch of the Devil's Bridge spans the foaming torrent.

It is not in the crowded thoroughfares of a great city—not amid the conflict of human interests, and the rush of a busy multitude from which looks out no familiar face, that man most feels his insignificance; but in such a spot as this, where the grandeur of the material world surrounds him, and he shrinks awed and abashed before the majesty of nature. The spot is one of savage wildness. From the bed of the stream the rocks rise smooth and perpendicular to a height of four hundred and fifty feet. The hardy lichens alone have found soil enough for their scanty vegetation. The steep slopes of the opposite mountains have been stripped of their trees by the frequent avalanches which have swept down their sides, and the eye, weary of desolation, finds nothing on which it can rest with pleasure, but the blue sky that hangs tent-like over this wild glen. The Reuss pouring down from its glacier-home, writhes in countless whirlpools and swift eddys, until seemingly weary of its rough channel, it leaps over the obstructing rocks, and flings its turbid waters into the bosom of the ravine below. The Bridge, though stoutly built of stone, seems to *shake* with the fierce concussion. The spray dashes over its parapets and clings to the trembling traveler, who gazes fearfully into the "hell of waters" which is raging beneath him.

The impression which these things produce, is deepened by the historical associations connected with the spot.

It has been a *battle-field*. The narrow ledge of road has been contested inch by inch. The old bridge which once spanned the river where he stands, was a scene of bloodiest conflict—and when crowded with soldiers, was blown up, and its ruins, with the mangled bodies of its possessors, were swept away by the fierce torrent. I have stood on many a famous battle-field, but never saw I one so strange as this. Could Sal-

vator Rosa have been a spectator of that bloody conflict between the French and Austrians in the campaign of 1799, what a subject it would have presented for his pencil!—a scene in consonance with his own wild genius, and worthy his immortal canvass!

From this spot the road passes through the gloomy tunnel of Unerloch, and emerges into the wide valley of Unseren, which spreads out, green and beautiful, in delightful contrast with the gorge of Schellinen. Traversing this, and passing through Andermatt, we soon reached our starting point in this tour of retrospection, the village of L'Hospital, where, if it please you, we will light our segar, and join the group which has gathered at the door of the "Golden Lion."

"We shall have a rough time to-morrow," exclaimed one of my companions, as I approached the party; "Anderson has just come down the Furca, and reports the summit of the pass to be covered with snow."

This intelligence was by no means agreeable, for however pleasant it may be for the imaginary tourist who sits in his snug parlor at home, to traverse in fancy these snow covered Passes, and leaning back lazily in his well stuffed chair, dream over the romance of Swiss travel; my experience of the *actual*, had taught me the wide difference between it and the *ideal*, and my exclamation of impatience testified to the disagreeable nature of the news.

"Yes," said Anderson, "we had several miles of very hard work. The snow is fresh and the tracks are nearly obliterated. How far do you mean to go to-morrow?"

"To the Hospice of the Grimsel," was the reply.

"Well, you must make an early start, or you may have to pass the night upon the Mayenwand. We have been since breakfast walking from the Rhone Glacier, and you know that is just about half way, and hard work we had, by the by, to cross the Rhone, for the snows are melting above, and the river fills the valley. Our guide, in jumping from one of the rocks, fell in, and Frank and myself richly earned a medal from the Humane Society for our exertions in getting him out."

"Well, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," was the careless answer; "who is for a stroll?"

The party started up the valley, and while they pursue their walk, I may as well give the reader some idea of the geography of to-morrow's tramp. In order to reach the Hospice of the Grimsel, it was necessary to cross the Pass of the Furca, traverse the Rhone Glacier, ascend the Mayenwand, and toil over the rugged sum-

mit of the Grimsel. We were *en route* for the Giesback Falls and Interlachen, and the Hospice was simply one of the termini of a day's walk. The Inn, or "Hospice," as it is usually called, is a very rough but strongly built edifice of stone. It was originally intended as a refuge for the traders who pass from Hasli to the Vallais, but it is now greatly frequented by travelers, sometimes to the number of ninety in a single day. Its situation, says Murray, is as dreary as can be conceived. Lying in a rocky hollow about a thousand feet below the summit of the Pass, surrounded by soaring peaks and steep precipices. The rocks around are bare and broken, scarcely varied by patches of snow which never melts even in mid-summer, and by strips of grass and moss, upon which the goats eagerly browse. During the winter, the Hospice is tenanted by a single servant, who is provisioned for his period of banishment, and keeps with him two Alpine mastiffs to detect the approach of the occasional traders, who, even at that season, penetrate into the valley. The landscape is worthy of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. The Hospice has, upon two occasions, been overwhelmed and crushed by avalanches, and although rebuilt in a very substantial manner, it occupies the same locality and is constantly liable to a like casualty.

I have now, my good sir, or madam, given you some idea of to-morrow's walk, and, so paved the way for a sketch of "A Day among the Alps," which shall be sufficiently detailed to give you some idea of the troubles and dangers to which the tourist in the magnificent "Switzerland" is frequently exposed.

The morning of the 23d of June dawned clear, cold and bright, and about the time the sun had thoroughly washed his face in the mists that formed the curtains of his bed chamber, our merry party gathered around a well supplied table in the back parlor of the "Lion," and did ample justice to all the delicacies of a Swiss breakfast. We had honey as clear as crystal—chamois meat nicely roasted—capital cheese, a *little* strong both in smell and flavor, but one soon gets used to that—trout fresh from the mountain stream—some very passable "vin ordinaire," and to crown all, voracious appetites. "Our lot" to adopt the phrase of Grinder in the "Curiosity Shop," consisted of five Americans and one Spaniard, as fine a fellow, by the way, as ever sat down to chamois and trout in the village of L'Hospital. Breakfast despatched, and our flasks filled with cognac, we mustered in the street, buttoned our overcoats up to the chin, and mounted the queer looking beasts, half

horse and half mule, which were to take us up to the summit of the Furca. The first few miles of our route passed along the bank of a quiet little stream, and through the midst of a rich pastoral valley, and we worked off some of our extra exhilaration of spirits in races over the smooth sward. Soon, however, the road began to ascend, and the business of the day commenced in earnest. Along the face of a steep mountain, some 3000 feet high, wound a narrow bridle-path, scarce wide enough for a single mule. Upon one side rose the dark rocks, bald and abrupt; on the other, the eye glanced fearfully down a swift slope of some eight hundred feet to the far bed of a torrent, which growled through the ravine below. The soil of the mountain side was loose and crumbling, and each instant the stones, displaced by the horses' feet, would go whirling down into the stream; suggesting to the mind of the traveler, thus perched in mid air, highly curious speculations about the velocity with which he would be apt to accomplish the descent himself, should an incautious step precipitate horse and rider from the uncertain path. Although accidents of this sort do not very often occur, owing to the wonderful sagacity of the mountain horses, yet it is well to be watchful and guarded; and one is very apt to lean far over in his saddle toward the mountain side, and to sit with his feet loosely in the stirrups, ready to tumble himself off *up-hill*, should accident precipitate his beast *down*.

The horses which are used for this description of travel, are small, stoutly built, and very rough in appearance. Their sagacity is wonderful, and at every spot of peculiar peril, it is advisable to trust wholly to the instinct of the beast you ride, and laying the reins quietly on his neck, derive consolation in your hour of peril from the prudent manner of his progress. With nose close to the ground—ears laid back—eyes intent upon the path before him, he stretches out his foot and feels every inch of ground, before he ventures upon it with his whole weight. It is a very curious process, independent of the interest which your connection with it forces you to feel, and as you sit loosely in your saddle, ready for a jump, now eyeing the path before you, and now glancing down the steep precipice along whose crumbling edge you are skirting; you will find yourself, if timid or religious, murmuring a quiet prayer, or if excited by the novelty of the danger and poetic in your memories, you will call to mind the beautiful sketch which Rogers has given of kindred scenes, as the beast on whose sagacity your life depends creeps along;

“Shunning the loose stone on the precipice,
Snorting suspicion—while with sight—smell—touch—

Trying—detecting where the surface smiled;
And with deliberate courage sliding down
Where on his sledge the Laplander had turned
With looks aghast.”

These animals are used to convey packages of merchandise across the mountains, and as these are liable to strike the projecting rocks, which rise upon one side of the narrow pathway, they have acquired a habit of walking upon the very edge of the precipice so as to prevent this collision; and thus the danger seems magnified to the eye of the inexperienced traveler.

In this manner we slowly ascended the Pass. The road was in wretched condition. The mountain side had not long before been swept by an avalanche, and the “debris” which it had started in its progress, had fallen in the path and greatly obstructed it. Another form of danger was to be encountered in crossing the many chasms or gulleys which occurred along the route. These are sometimes one or two hundred feet deep and very wide. During the winter they are filled with snow up to the level of the mountain side. As the spring advances the snow slowly melts, the water from above percolates the mass, and winding through, it issues forth at the base of the mountain, and, gradually, the snow beneath the surface is worn away, leaving an arch or bridge of varying thickness spanning the gulf. In crossing these, great caution is necessary. The Guides go before, and sound the snow with their long iron shod poles—the cavalcade then slowly advances—the mules following strictly in the steps of their leader. In crossing one of these frail bridges, just as my horse put out his foot to touch the firm ground, and I was chuckling at having got over so well, his hind legs sank through the yielding mass up to the body, making an angle of inclination very unpleasant to his rider, who speedily tumbled himself off, and rolled to a respectful distance. Finding that the snow did not seem to yield any more, and that the beast was stuck fast; we went to work and extricated him from his disagreeable position, and the rest of the party found a safer passage higher up the mountain.

When we reached the summit of the Furca, we found the whole mountain covered with snow. The prediction of our friend Anderson was about to be realised. The snow was fresh and soft, and the horses sank so deeply and toiled along so painfully, that we were forced to dismount and send them back somewhat earlier than we had intended.

Shouldering our knapsacks, and grasping our alpenstocks, we continued our route, and the next hour and a half brought little to interest either ourselves or the reader. We had snow around us

and beneath us—at each step we sank deeply in the soft slush, and as it soon penetrated our boots, we had to toil on with our feet wet and half frozen.

Our slow and disagreeable progress at length brought us in view of the great Glacier of the Rhone. This mountain of ice fills the deep gorge between the Furca and the Mayenwand, and from its base far down in the green valley, the turbid waters of the Rhone first start forth on their long journey to the Mediterranean sea. Imagine the floods of Niagara, pouring from the crest of a mountain eight thousand feet above the level of the ocean—the huge waves rushing down a rough descent of a thousand feet at an angle of 45° between two precipitous mountains, whose garniture of pine and fir stretch down to the very brink of the foaming waters; and then at a moment of wildest commotion, when the curling billows are dashing highest to heaven, and the dense columns of mist rise loftiest from the deep abyss, fancy that, clear above the thunder of the cataract, the chaotic waters heard a voice of power which said to them "*be still*," and instantly the descending mass hardened into ice—the waves arrested in their mid descent flash back the sunlight from shining surfaces of every wild, irregular shape, that fancy can conceive of: the pillars of mist, glittering and sharp, cut the air with their delicate outline, and the roar of the headlong flood, sinks into awful stillness. Fancy this, and you may have some faint idea of the Rhone Glacier.

After a short sojourn at the rude chalet which lies at the base of the mountain, we started up the Mayenwand. The ascent is very rapid, and the rocks are occasionally hard either to get round or get over. Ere we had fairly got under weigh, it began to rain, and, for an half hour, it came down in torrents. This of course greatly retarded our progress, as the path soon became very heavy and slippery. By the time, however, that we reached the snow line, the rain ceased and we were favored with a change of weather. The shower had been a donation from a passing cloud, which was sailing down the valley just over our heads. When we stood upon the broad table land which stretches from the summit of the Mayenwand to the edge of the Grimsel, the heavy clouds which were banked up before us gave token of their kind intentions by an occasional flake of the purest white, which, as we advanced, came faster and thicker, and we were soon in the midst of the severest snow storm which I ever encountered on the Alps.

The tract of land over which we were passing, was very much broken by projecting rocks, steep slopes and gulleys. It is covered at all seasons

of the year with snow, and as the path is tortuous and somewhat dangerous, as you approach the descent of the Grimsel, lofty poles with red streamers are planted at intervals to mark out the path. The great utility of these signal staffs we were about to test. The snow fell so thickly that we could scarcely see one another at a distance of three or four rods, and the cold wind which swept round the rocks and through the clefts of the mountain, forced us to draw our caps over our faces, and struggle on with our heads bent down half frozen and well nigh blinded. To increase our perplexity, we found that the guides were in doubt about the path—the tracks were all filled with snow, and, unable in the height of the storm to find any of the poles, they were fairly lost. Our situation was now sufficiently romantic to satisfy the most fastidious.

On the summit of a bleak mountain—eight thousand feet in the air—miles of snow before us ere we could attain the sheltering Hospice—a fearful storm raging around us—the path lost, and each onward step fraught with danger. We were truly in a nice "*fix*."

After consultation, it was agreed that one guide should go upon a voyage of discovery, and the other should remain with the party until the track was found.

As standing still, under the circumstances was about as unpleasant as going ahead was dangerous, I determined to join my good friend "*John*" with whom I had previously seen some trouble of a similar kind; and trust myself to his skill in the present emergency. With our alpenstocks pushed ahead, we *felt* our way rather than saw it, and ere long the voices of our comrades died away, and John and I, were left alone in our glory! For about half an hour we pushed along, making all sorts of turns and detours, so that I soon lost all idea of the position of my party as well as my own. I was trotting along just behind the guide, with my head bent down, and my eyes intent upon his heavy boots, as he alternately jerked them up from the deep snow, and thinking to myself whether Swiss travel was indeed as pleasant a thing as it was cracked up to be: when the boots suddenly turned a sharp corner, and, as I raised my head to try and get a glimpse of their owner, bang, came my bump of causality into contact with a projecting rock—a fierce gust swept a snow drift full in my face—my cap went up in the air, and my body went down a steep slope head over heels, some ten feet into a peculiarly soft bed which seemed to have been made up in view of just such a catastrophe.

When I had clambered out of the gully, shaken myself well, and found my cap, I made some remarks to John about the "*imminent deadly*"

breach" into which I had tumbled. As no answer was vouchsafed, I looked about for the boots—they had vanished—their owner, unconscious of my accident, which had occurred suddenly and without any noise, had quietly plodded ahead, and was now entirely out of sight! I tried a quiet "hillo, John!—hold on for me"—no answer—then came a succession of "hillos" and "Johns," rising higher and higher in the chromatic scale, until I got too hoarse to bawl, and stopped to think. It was high time to think. I was in a combination of "fixes." In what Mrs. Malaprop, would call a "parlous" state. What was I to do? Go back? I did not know how—follow John? I could not—the drift which upset me had obliterated the tracks of those blessed boots which were as guiding stars in my hour of trouble—stand still? No, I thank you. It was rather too cold for that. The result of the council was a determination to push ahead at any risk. My position was about as unpleasant as it could well be, so on I went. My progress for some time was exceedingly cautious; the mountain horses could not have been more careful; and I gave out an occasional shout, partly for fun, and partly because, to be honest my dear reader, I was becoming very anxious to hear the sound of a responding voice. Before I had gone very far, the wide field of snow was diversified by something dark which I could not exactly make out until I stood beside it, and I then found myself on the edge of a Lake, not very large but very unpleasant looking. I remembered that I had heard the guides talking of a body of water on the summit of the Pass, which the peasants called the "Lake of the Dead." I cannot say I admired their taste in choosing a name. It had a very disagreeable sound to my ear. I turned away from its dark waters and, a few rods farther on, found a large rock which jutted out to some distance, and made a snug little cavern beneath which the snow had not wholly penetrated. Into this, after trying the efficacy of a farewell shout in my very best style, I crept, and stretching myself upon the muddy floor, with the water trickling down from the cracks above, I prepared to make myself as comfortable as possible.

The first thing which prudence and experience suggested, was to slip off my canteen, and take a long pull at the "cognac—"

I was thoroughly soaked between snow and rain, and my quarters were rather damp, so I took the creature, *medicinally* of course. This duty to my health honestly discharged, I composed myself for a little more cogitation, and to that end I took out my tinder box and lighted a segar; for it is a settled principle in my philosophy, that smoking is an aid to thinking.

I have great faith in the weed. If I have hard study before me, I put a segar in my mouth—if I desire to dash off an article for "maga," I smoke—if I have just parted with a sweet girl whose bright smiles and gentle words have so charmed the flying hours that the "iron tongue of time" tolls midnight, ere the silver tinkle of the tea bell has died away in mine ear, I go to my quiet room, and the blue smoke of my segar is as a magic mirror wherein I see how the swift hours flew so unheeded by?—If I am in trouble—if a friend has proved false—if evil tongues have done me wrong—if the Future looks dark to the eye of despondency, and the cares of life load down the wings of the Present; then with each "puff" comes up a fragment of philosophy, and the fire of my segar shines out from its shrine of ashes like a bright star in an unkindly heaven.

Oh believe me, there is much virtue in a good segar; high intellectual enjoyment in a genuine Havana. It clears the head—it fires the fancy—it soothes the spirits—it puts a man in a good humor with himself, and makes him charitable to all the world besides—in fine it is—"The D—l! why John is that you?" was the sudden exclamation which interrupted my reverie, as the figure of a man passed before the entrance of my retreat, and springing out, I saluted with intense satisfaction, the worthy wearer of the boots. The honest fellow had been prevented by the wind from hearing my shouts, and had gone on for some distance without missing me. When I showed him the Lake of the Dead, he was at home again, and leaving me, before long he collected the rest of the party, and in much better spirits we started once more one after another in Indian file, each man's eyes steadily fixed upon the pedal extremities of his leader. In about three quarters of an hour we reached the edge of the descent, and far down in the rocky valley beneath us, lay the Hospice of the Grimsel. The violence of the storm had somewhat abated, and we could just make out the dark mass of the refuge, in whose sheltering walls we so heartily wished ourselves.

But although we could see it, we were by no means *in* it. Our party was collected upon the crest of a mountain which shelved down with a rapid slope of over a thousand feet to the bed of a stream, which ran between its base and the Hospice. The ordinary descent was by a series of zigzags, which wound gradually and by an easy path into the valley. The large quantity of snow which had recently fallen, however, had filled up the road, and the whole side of the mountain presented a uniform appearance, smooth, white and glittering.

We looked at each other—at the snow, and at

the Hospice: how were we to reach it? The guides suggested that we must *slide down*. Now I knew from the experience of my school-days, that sliding was fine fun—most excellent sport—I had done a good deal of it in my time, and the swift descent of "Pleasant Street," or "Court House" hill, was all well enough; but the idea of a slide of a thousand feet down the face of an abrupt mountain, was another thing altogether. However, the Guide said it was nothing, and as the Hospice was certainly at the bottom, why it was *nothing—in comparison*.

The Guide sighted down the hill, chose his starting point, and seated himself just on the edge of the descent. I sat down, drew my mackintosh around me, stuck my legs straight out—fixed my alpenstock under one arm somewhat in a style of a rudder, and nodding a good-bye to the fellows who stood watching the experiment, slid myself over the crest of the mountain. For the first minute or two, I shot ahead pleasantly enough. I got into the spirit of the thing—all idea of danger vanished and romance got the better of reality. As I acquired momentum I flew ahead like an arrow—the speed of a locomotive was nothing to my progress—like lightning I slid over the smooth snow—when about half way down I saw John turn partly round, and gesticulate violently toward the left, and I could indistinctly hear him shout something in which the words "à gauche," "à gauche," were alone audible. In the midst of his warning he came into violent contact with something beneath the surface, and bouncing up into the air, he rolled down the balance of the descent like a barrel. Sticking my foot deeply in the snow, and pressing in my alpenstock, I endeavored to change my direction, but it was too late. In a moment after I struck a ridge of rock which ran across the face of the mountain, and felt myself hurled up into the air. When I recovered, I was rolling head over heels down the mountain, and I soon brought up in a snow bank in which I was half smothered. After shaking myself I found that I had escaped a frightful danger. We had started too far to the right, and in my precipitate descent, I had just grazed the edge of a precipice of some two hundred feet. A foot or two more, and I should have been hurled upon the sharp rocks which jutted up from the rushing waters of the torrent below!

When I recovered from the shock of my perilous descent, I seated myself in the snow, and watched the movements of my companions—my friend the Spaniard, to whom I have before alluded, adopted my mode of transit. He was very near sighted, and without his spectacles which he constantly wore, could scarcely see six

inches from the end of his nose. In addition to his specs, he carried in the breast pocket of his coat, an opera glass which he used to survey objects at any distance. Hardly had he got fairly under weigh, before he became alarmed at the rapidity of his progress, and I could see him digging his hands and feet into the snow in order to retard it. His efforts were vain, and ere long he was astounded by sudden contact with the ridge which I had struck; and as he bounded up his specs dropped off, the opera glass flew out of his pocket, and he performed the remainder of the descent in a highly curious manner—now with his heels uppermost—now his head, and then rolling over and over, with constantly increasing velocity until he plunged head foremost into the snow bank, as though it were a house of refuge, and I could hear him giving vent to his horror in a series of exclamations in French, broken by gaspings for breath, and pathetic inquiries as to his whereabouts, so droll that I rolled over in the snow perfectly convulsed with laughter.

When I turned to comfort him, he had commenced crawling up the mountain on his hands and knees in vain search for opera glass and spectacles, talking energetically to himself all the time.

Knowing that in his blindness he would never succeed in finding his lost treasures, I mounted and recovered them for him.

The rest of the party came down the mountain in a more cautious manner. Standing upright, and leaning heavily upon their alpenstocks which they trailed behind them, they were able to slide down at a less rapid rate.

The ridge alluded to, however, generally wrecked them, and a series of ground and lofty tumbling wound up the descent.

Altogether it was a scene so fraught with danger, novelty, excitement and fun, that I shall never forget it. Mustering at the foot of the mountain we passed over the Aar by jumping from rock to rock, and entered the welcome Hospice as thoroughly soaked and fagged out with our tramp of about thirty miles, as we could well be. After bathing from head to foot in brandy, and taking an hour's nap between blankets, we gathered about seven in the evening around the dinner table, with excellent appetites and capital spirits, and in discussion of the good things provided for us, soon forgot the perplexities and troubles of our "Day among the Alps."

J. M. H.

Baltimore, Md.

The Alpenstock to which reference is made in the above article, is a pole of stout wood, surmounted with a chamois horn, and heavily shod with pointed iron—it is of great service in getting over the ice, and is a constant companion of the Swiss pedestrian.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



IRAM POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.—In the National Intelligencer of May 1st, is a letter, which was addressed by J. MORRISON HARRIS, Esq. of Baltimore, to the Hon. John P. Keneday, during the late session of the National Legislature, asking him to call the

attention of Congress to the claims of the distinguished Sculptor, whose name stands at the head of this paragraph. The occasion of writing the letter, was a movement in the Senate in reference to an equestrian statue of Washington, which Persico, an Italian artist, had proposed to erect, and for which he had furnished a model. Mr. H. objects to Persico's receiving a commission from Congress to execute a national work, on the ground of his being an Italian, while we have a native born artist fully his equal, and who should be employed in preference. He then sets forth the following facts and opinions in regard to Powers, which every American will read with interest:—

“One of the greatest pleasures which the American traveler in Italy can enjoy is to visit the studios and study the works of our own artists. His emotions of pride and gratification are great when he finds that forms of beauty have sprung into existence beneath the chisels of his fellow-countrymen, which so warmly challenge his admiration, even after his standard of excellence in the art has been formed by an inspection of the great works which are found in the galleries of the Vatican, the Museo Borbonico, and the Uffizi. In that land, where “at each step he treads upon empire's dust,” the traveler learns to look for all excellence and beauty into the past; the glory of the antique world is written upon column, capital, and fane, and the great works of art, which appeal most strongly to his heart, are all relics of the elder time. This feeling induces the belief that modern art can produce nothing excellent, and the compliment to the artist is consequently greater when this idea is dissipated by men who, coming from a land where the arts are comparatively unknown, have produced such evidences of unquestionable genius.

“The reputation of nearly all of the American artists now in Italy is high—both painters and sculptors—and at the head of those who have devoted themselves to the latter art stands HIRAM POWERS.

“I will not weary you by alluding to the events of his early life. His career in Cincinnati gave frequent proof at once of his genius and his energy, and a review of it would be strikingly illustrative of his character, but I prefer to pass at once to some proof of his high reputation in Italy.

I could not, perhaps, better show the high estimation in which he is held by eminent judges there than by extracting briefly from a very favorable review of him which appeared in the October number for 1840

of the “Giornale Arcadico,” published in Florence. This article is from the pen of Professor MIGLIARINI, of the Grand Ducal Gallery, who is one of the most learned archeologists of the day. It commences with a sketch of the celebrated LYSIPPUS, who, without the benefit of a master's instructions, attained so high a reputation as to be admitted into the distinguished trio who alone were deemed worthy to perpetuate the likeness of Alexander the Great. The three were APOLLO in painting; PIRGOTELES in intaglios; and LYSIPPUS in bronze statues.

“By the side of this great artist M. MIGLIARINI places POWERS; and then proceeds to speak of his accidental acquaintance with some one in Cincinnati who taught him how to take a cast in clay; and says:

“Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal, and then to surpass what he had seen; finally, to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had seen no example of before: all this was so rapidly accomplished that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius.

“If this artist, urged by native inclination, had succeeded in imitating nature servilely, though with exactness, it would not have been matter of great astonishment. But at the very first glance Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation *which should contain in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual.* He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin, so that he might be called *the Denier of Sculpture.* Such a union of rare capacities becomes *marvellous* in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gambarelli.”

“The learned critic then goes on to compare the busts of POWERS for truthfulness and perfect finish to the paintings of APOLLO; and, after noticing an objection which had been urged by some, that although our artist might make a fine *bust*, yet he would not produce good full lengths, he concludes thus:

“He who has been able to make such progress without a master, will easily achieve whatever is yet wanting now that he is placed in a situation more favorable to his progress. Wherever there is the gift of a happy genius, joined with assiduity and a passion for the chosen art, together with the modesty necessary to a constant search after improvement, there it is safe to predict a complete and easy success.”

“In speaking of this article, our distinguished Minister at the Court of St. James, himself a judge whose opinions are entitled to great weight, remarks:

“This praise of M. Migliarini is evidently

bestowed in good faith and with good will. It is not only the language of a panegyrist, but is framed with care to avoid shocking national partialities and wounding the sensibility of eminent contemporaries among his own countrymen. He weighs every word in the golden scales of learned criticism, and yet not only institutes an elaborate comparison between Mr. Powers's case and that of Lysippus, but justly states that the case of our countryman in attaining such excellence not only without a master, properly so called, but without the advantage of a general contemplation of works of art, *is without a parallel.*

"Language like this from such as Professor MIGLIARINI and EDWARD EVERETT is of high value, and the thousands of English, Italians, and Americans who, since the period alluded to by these gentlemen, have thronged the studio and torn themselves away with so much regret from the works of HIRAM POWERS, will warmly approve the sentiment and echo the eulogy of the passage I have quoted.

"Since 1840, however, our artist has passed with the stride of a giant into another and higher department of his profession. Then he was praised for the perfection of his *busts*, and his success as a maker of full-length figures was matter of *prediction*. Now he has achieved in this branch of his art a reputation even higher than he had won in the other. *He is in every sense a sculptor, and I hazard nothing in saying that no contemporary artist in Italy, whether English, American, or to the manner born, is his superior.*"

The writer of this communication, (the same with our correspondent who furnished the admirable "Sketches of Italy," which appeared in our February and March numbers,) then gives a glowing description of Powers's two most elaborate works—*Eve and the Greek slave*—(For an account of which, see the article in our February number, just referred to,) and concludes by strongly urging his claims upon the attention of his countrymen, and upon Congress. "It is not," he says, "for the sake of the money to be earned that the friends of this artist pray for him this commission. He is no beggar for this or any other favor at the hands of Congress. His reputation secures his perfect independence. But the commission is asked in order that one of the first artists of the age may have an opportunity of giving to the nation a work which will reflect honor upon it as on him; that one of the warmest and truest Americans that ever lived may bring the fire of his fancy, the magic skill of his chisel, and all the energies of his nature, to the execution of a great work *for his country.*"

We trust that this appeal will not be without some good result. It is said that genius is universal,—or rather, that genius speaks a language that comes home with equal force to all hearts in all nations; that it creates beautiful forms that appeal with like power to the sense of the beautiful in all minds. We think that this doctrine is not true in the broad sense in which some receive it. We think that the truth will be found to lie in a somewhat modified statement. Were it true, there would be but one school of painting, sculpture, and architecture for the whole world. But, we know that there are many, and that the masters in each of these are, with slight exceptions, of different nations, and that they are as widely

distinguished from each other as are the people themselves. Each partakes of the peculiar genius of the nation to which he belongs, and stamps that peculiarity upon his works, and thus is able to elevate his nation (for he speaks to something in them that is common to the whole nation,) into a true appreciation of the beautiful.

Is it possible, we would ask, for an Italian to give to a statue of Washington what an American of equal ability as a sculptor, who had loved, revered and honored the Father of his country from his earliest childhood, could give? We believe not. The one would stamp upon him something that would be essentially Italian—the other would mould a form that every American citizen would *feel* to be a Washington. All that goes to make up a man's moral and intellectual character, must come out in his works and give them certain peculiarities distinct from the works of other men. If this be true of individuals of the same nation, how much truer is it of individuals of different nations. From this cause alone, if there were not deeper and more radical grounds of difference, (which we hold that there are,) should native artists of every country be chosen to execute national works.

Let Congress, then, in the selection of artists, look to American genius for the execution of national works, and, in selecting from these, take such as stand highest in their respective arts.

UPWARDS AND ONWARDS.—To the work of editing a new volume of our magazine, we come with a feeling of calmer confidence than we have yet experienced. As we explained in our last number, we have passed over the rough times of trial which every magazine has to encounter, and are now beginning to gather in some of the reward of our labors. Our work is no longer an experiment. It is based firmly. We have appealed, with straight forward earnestness, and an honest purpose, to the intelligence, taste, and moral sense of our readers, and such an appeal is rarely made in vain. For the future, we have no wordy promises to make—we do not expect to startle the nerves of our readers with sudden shocks of literary electricity; nor to blaze up before them like a rocket, with its green and blue, and golden fires filling the air for a brief season, and then fading away, and leaving a deeper darkness around. Our course has long since been marked out—It is onward and upwards.—Slowly, steadily, but surely, will we pursue that course, without envy towards those who advance more rapidly into public favor, or fretfulness towards the meaner souls, who, conscious of possessing no merits, hope to blind the public to their own defects by transferring them to others, and then growing warm in their condemnation.

SKETCHES OF NAPLES, translated from the French of ALEXANDER DUMAS, BY A. ROLAND: Philadelphia, E. FERRETT & Co.

Our readers all remember the deeply interesting sketch of *Masaniello*, which appeared some months back in our magazine, taken from a recent work of Dumas entitled "The Corricolo." The finest portions of that book have been translated, and under the title of "*Sketches of Naples*," issued in a cheap

form for 25 cents, making one of the richest and raciest publications of the day.

Love and Duty, by the author of "Two Old Men's Tales," "Mount Sorel," &c. has also appeared from the press of the same publishers, in cheap form, also *Wild Western Scenes, a narrative of events in the Western Wilderness forty years ago. By a Squatter*: also, *The Two Husbands and other tales. By T. S. Arthur.*

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—From Appleton's Literary Bulletin, we learn that the "American Ethnological Society," of which the Hon. Albert Gallatin is President, will publish in a few days the first volume of its 'Transactions,' in one large octavo volume. This work will consist of articles by members of the Society, relating to various topics of interest to the Antiquary and Philologist. The first article, filling more than half the volume, is by the venerable President of the Society, on Ancient Mexico, its History, Chronology, Language, Civilization, &c. including an analysis of Lord Kingsborough's great work. Mr. Schoolcraft has 'an Essay on the Grave Creek mound of Virginia.' Mr. Turner a 'Dissertation on the Himyaritic Inscriptions lately discovered in Southern Arabia,' together with notices of the Ancient Hamyarites. Mr. Catherwood has an article giving an account of his visit to the site of ancient Carthage, with a particular account of the Lybia-Phœnician Monument at Dugga. The volume will contain numerous engravings."

Boys' and Girls' Monthly Bouquet, Philadelphia: Cox and Catlin.

This is a neat little juvenile monthly, well worthy of the name it bears. The contents are varied, useful, and entertaining—just suited to the capacities and tastes of little readers. Publications of this kind are very useful; and the "Bouquet" we believe to be a very excellent work. It is neatly printed, and contains many pictorial embellishments, which are always necessary to a juvenile book or magazine. As this is, we believe, the only publication of the kind in our city for children, we hope it will obtain an extensive circulation.

The Secret Foe. By Miss Ellen Pickering. E. Ferrett & Co. Philadelphia.

The Secret Foe has been pronounced one of the best of Miss Pickering's novels. Cromwell figures largely in it, and rarely has the "Protector" been sketched by a more competent hand. The present edition is a cheap reprint.

The Dramatic Authors of America. By James Rees, author of "The Philadelphia Locksmith, &c. Philadelphia: G. B. Zeizer & Co.

Quite an interesting book, and one which fills a vacuum that has heretofore existed in our literature. We were quite surprised to find so many names in the list of American Dramatic Authors. Something like one hundred and forty in all! The author says, in his preface: "It is our intention to give the name of every play that has been written, published, or

acted in the United States, with the names of the authors as far as we have been able to obtain them." This design appears to have been well carried out. To all interested in these matters, the publication will prove a very acceptable one.

On the Life and Institutes of the Jesuits, By the Rev. Father De Ravignan, of the Company of Jesus. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham, 104 South Third St. 1845.

The Sinner's Conversion Reduced to Principles, By F. Francis Salagar, S. J. Philadelphia: W. J. Cunningham, South Third St. 1845.

We have received from the publisher the above named books, designed for members of the Roman Catholic Church, to which they will, no doubt, be acceptable. Of their particular merits it is not in our province to speak.

"*The Tripod*" is the name of a new semi-monthly magazine, published and edited by Mr. L. A. Wilmer. It is pledged, says the editor, to the declaration and maintenance of the truth on all subjects suitable for public discussion. Terms \$1 per annum, or fifty cents for six months.

A NEW OPERA, called the "*Enchantress*," by Balfe, has been brought out in London, and been very successful. Madam Thillon made her *debut* in it. It is said, by the press, to contain some ballads "full of captivating simplicities, and just the things to throw the metropolitan drawing rooms into ecstasies of delight."

THE NEW OPERA,—LEONORA.—For some weeks previous to the production of LEONORA, a new opera by Mr. William Fry of this city, public expectation was kept constantly on the tiptoe by newspaper paragraphs, and conversations in private circles, all tending to create the impression that a most brilliant triumph was to be achieved by the author in this new field for the expansion and activity of American genius. On Wednesday evening, June the 4th, the new opera was produced in a most effective manner, having all the aid that exquisitely beautiful and imposing scenery and dresses, a full and powerful chorus, and a well trained, effective and strong orchestra, could give to it. The house was crowded from top to bottom, and the reception of the opera enthusiastic. Mr. and Mrs. Seguin and Mr. Frazer took the principal parts.

The plot of the opera is the same as Bulwer's *Lady of Lyons*, and, of course, full of deep and passionate interest.

Whether expectation was raised too high, and, therefore, not, in the very nature of things, met; or whether the music of the opera had so little in it that was truly original; or whether both of these causes combined to disappoint those who had no particular interest in the success of the piece, we are hardly prepared to say. The fact, however, cannot be denied, that "*Leonora*" has not made as favorable an impression as was hoped. To us, it seemed *head* music, and not *heart* music. The author seemed to us to have *thought out* and arranged his music for

the various scenes in the deeply interesting plot, instead of having first felt the sentiment, and then poured it forth in musical expressions that every heart would have recognized to be true to nature. To do this, is the work of a great composer,—one who has the heaven-sent gift of genius. A man of highly cultivated musical taste, and skill in arranging music, may write an opera that will have in it much fine effect, and please for a time; but only he who feels through his whole subject—only he who hears music that touches no mortal ear but his own, can speak to the universal heart, and thrill it with melodies and harmonies, at once felt to be new and true and beautiful.

We do not think that "Leonora" is such a performance, and therefore we cannot say so. But still it is a work of merit, and displays fine musical ability. When it comes to be produced in the same way that we have had "Fra Diavolo," "Norma," "La Somnambula" etc. its merits will receive a truer test. At present, every thing is so effective in the manner of its production, that it is a little difficult to get at the exact merit of that part of it which we owe to the composer alone.

DEATH OF THOMAS HOOD:—Recent news from England brings intelligence of the death of Thomas Hood. In referring to this event, the London Spectator says:—"His humor, which commonly took a punning shape, was ready and ingenious to a marvel; but his sense of sterner realities was keen; and some of his later songs set forth the natural sturdy feelings of the poor in memorable rhythm, with a force seldom attained since the time of Burns. Although abounding most in jokes, the humanist predominated over the humorist. When death approached, the fancies of the jester assumed a more solemn turn; and, speaking of his weary days of mortal sickness, he declared that to him time seemed growing more and more like eternity. As he passed away, the general esteem was shown in the solicitude to learn the state of his health; and the fact that his last days were solaced by the reflection that his pension was secured to his widow, will gratify many far beyond the circle of those termed his personal friends."

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

CHEAP MUSIC.—We would call the particular attention of all who purchase music to the fact, that we have commenced the publication of well arranged, handsomely printed music, at one fourth the price at which it has heretofore been obtained. Our design is to extend our operations in this branch of business so widely, as to furnish the market with a supply of choice and popular music at rates so low that any one may purchase for the same amount of money four times the quantity, that can now be had. Thus far we have published, in neat colored envelopes—

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Our music, it will be seen is classified. Each 25 cent part contains 16 pages, and is laid in a beautiful fancy colored cover; and each 12½ cent part contains 8 pages, also tastefully enveloped. It is as beautifully printed, and on paper as fine and white as any that is issued. We employ a well known professor and composer to arrange our music, so that it shall be in every respect equal to that for which four times the price is charged. In a short time we will be able to offer the public a variety to select from that will meet the extensive want that exists.

☞ After the 1st of July, we will send this music to all parts of the United States, *free of postage to the purchasers.*

OLIVIA. A MEZZOTINT.—The fourth number of our Shakespeare Beauties we give this month. It is a very sweet mezzotint by Mr. Gross, a pupil of Sartain. He bids fair to make an artist of distinguished ability. Mezzotinting, though effective, is an inferior style of engraving, and cheaper. It will not bear close examination; and, therefore, we have, as our readers know, always, with but one previous exception, give line and stipple plates. But this Olivia was so fine a specimen of work, that we were tempted to insert it in our magazine.

The difference between a mezzotint and a line or stipple engraving may easily be seen by comparing Olivia with "*Calantha*," in the February number, or with the exquisite plate of *Faneuil Hall* which appears this month.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN AGENT.—Remember, that after the 1st of July next, all remittances of money for this magazine can be sent *at our charge for postage.* Those wishing to take our magazine, need not apply to any agent or post master, but write direct to us, enclosing a year's subscription, (\$2) or the price of a club, in funds current in the state where they reside, and we will pay the postage. This simplifies the whole matter of subscription, perfectly, and makes the communication between publishers and subscribers, as it should be, *direct.*

POSTAGES. ☞ Take notice, all whom it may concern, that, after the first of July next, only such letters addressed to the publishers of this magazine as contain remittances of money, will be taken from the post office, unless they are post paid.

☞ Our brethren of the press will please bear in mind, that, as we have to pay the postage on newspapers sent to us in exchange, we will esteem it a great favor if they will send us only those numbers that contain notices of our magazine.

BOOKS AND MUSIC BY MAIL. See our advertisement on cover, of books and music by mail.

☞ Our Prospectus for the fourth volume will be found on the cover.



W. A. Winter del.

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